HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXIII.—No. 1683.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1889.

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WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

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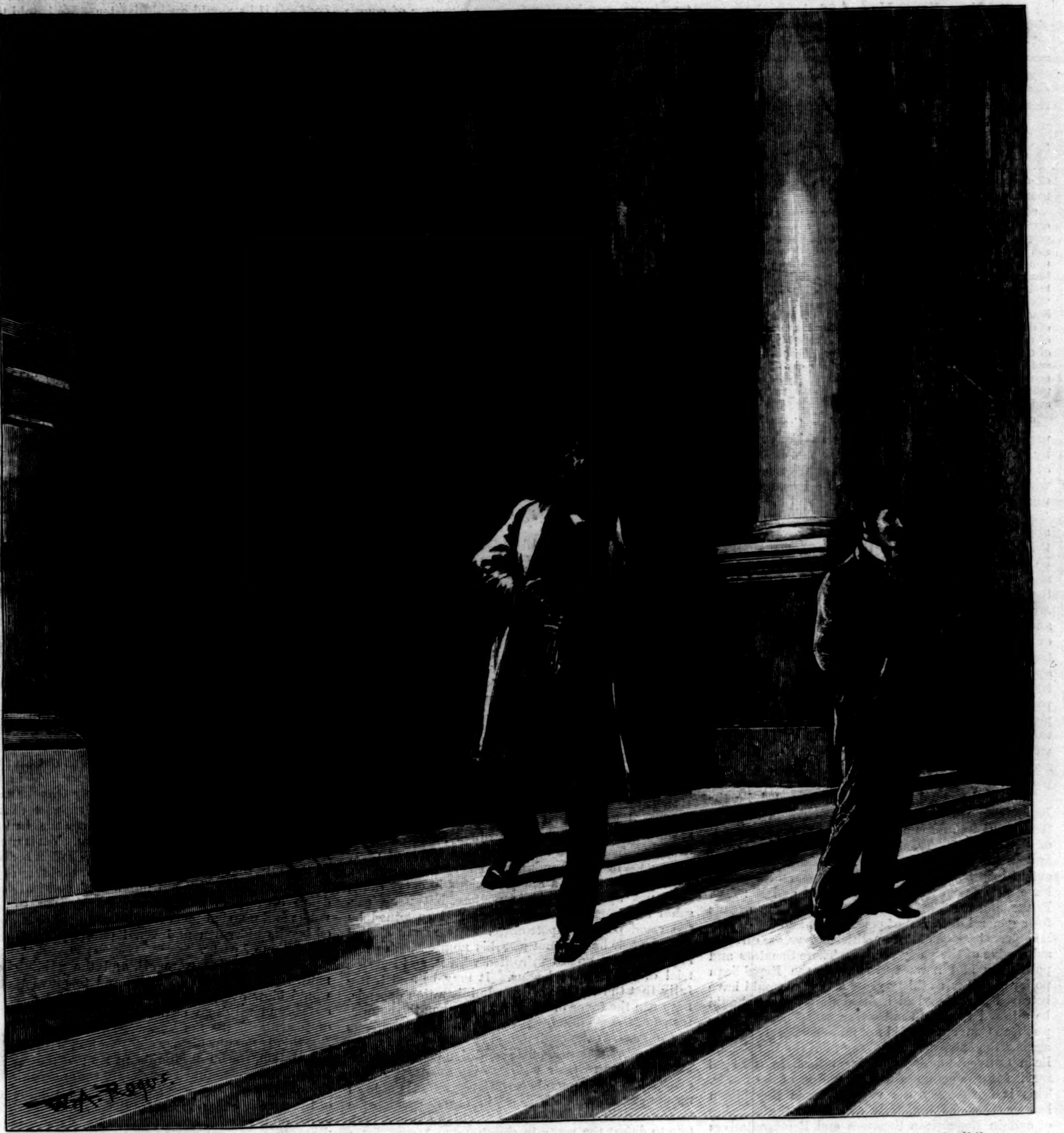


"They stood on the outside steps of the vast edifice beetling like a granite crag above them.... March absently lifted his eyes to it."

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.

I.

"NOW you think this thing over, March, and let me know the last of next week," said Fulkerson. He got up from the chair which he had been sitting astride, with his face to its back, and tilting toward March on its hind legs, and came and rapped upon his table with his thin bamboo stick. "What you want to do is to get out of the insurance business, anyway. You acknowledge that yourself. You never liked it, and now it makes you sick; in other words, it's killing you. You ain't an insurance man by nature. You're a natural-born literary man; and you've been going against the grain. Now I offer you a chance to go *with* the grain. I don't say you're going to make your everlasting fortune, but I'll give you a living salary, and if the thing succeeds, you'll share in its success. We'll all share in its success. That's the beauty of it. I tell you, March, this is the greatest idea that has been struck since"—Fulkerson stopped and searched his mind for a fit image—"since the creation of man."

He put his leg up over the corner of March's table and gave himself a sharp cut on the thigh, and leaned forward to get the full effect of his words upon his listener.

March had his hands clasped together behind his head, and he

(*Continued on page 222.*)

"Surprises one by its wealth of instruction, entertainment, and amusement."—*New York Evangelist.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

In the number for March 19th "Carmosine" introduces to young readers some more of the masterpieces of art of which children are the subjects. This series on "Child Life in the Old Masters" has a distinct educational value, in that it familiarizes young people, through the medium of good engraving, with some of the most interesting works of the old painters.

In the same number is a capital story for boys, bearing the epigrammatic title, "Which—the Right, or the Rest of the Boys?" by Margaret Emma Ditto. *There are also other short stories, and a long instalment of the serial story "Captain Polly."*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, March 23, 1889.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE REPUBLICAN PLEDGE.

The Republican platform upon which President Harrison was elected, and with which his letter of acceptance declared that he was in entire agreement, said:

> "The men who abandoned the Republican party in 1884 and continued to adhere to the Democratic party have deserted not only the cause of honest government, of sound finance, of freedom and purity of the ballot, but especially have deserted the cause of reform in the civil service. We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs, or because their candidate has broken his. We therefore repeat our declaration of 1884, to wit: 'The reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reformed system already established by law to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectively avoided.'"

This was a voluntary declaration, the most comprehensive and radical upon the subject ever made by a party Convention. Besides the enforcement of the law to which the President takes oath, and which now includes about 25,000 places, the pledge unequivocally binds the Executive and the party to "the spirit and purpose of reform" in all executive appointments. There is no doubt of the meaning of those words. They mean that the service shall not be treated as spoils, and that there shall be no partisan "sweep" of the offices. They mean that if, as the New York *Herald* states, Senator Hiscock and Mr. Thomas C. Platt, of New York, protest hotly and emphatically against Secretary Windom's choice of an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, because they insist that "a trained politician" shall be appointed, their advice shall be disregarded as hostile to the solemn pledge and declared policy of the party. The words mean honest reform in a plain, practical sense understood by everybody, and not that general change of the service in order to fill it with partisans, for making which the platform accused the late President of violating his public pledges.

This is the standard deliberately erected by the Republican party, the pledge upon which it asked the sympathy and support of the reform sentiment of the country. Tried by this standard, the views announced by Senator Farwell, and known to be entertained by Senator Ingalls, the stand alleged to have been taken by Senator Hiscock and Mr. T. C. Platt, and the demand of many Republican organs for a general dismissal of postmasters and other public officers because of their political views, are directly subversive of the party policy. These Senators and politicians and newspapers betray the Republican policy of to-day, as thirty years ago they would have betrayed it if they had insisted that slavery should be allowed to enter the Territories. The early Republican Conventions did not more decisively declare against the extension of slavery than the last Republican Convention declared for reform in the civil service in the common understanding of the words. This is fortunately the view of some Republican leaders. We have already mentioned the speeches of certain Republican Senators and Representatives in Congress. We add to them the characteristic words of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who declares himself to be "a practical Republican politician," and to whose effective services in the New York Legislature his party as well as the State was greatly indebted. Mr. Roosevelt said, at the Reform Conference in Baltimore:

> "Now the Republican party has committed itself definitely against the spoils system. On that point its platform leaves no room for doubt. President-elect Harrison's letter leaves no room for doubt as to his position. I feel sure that, from a merely selfish stand-point, it will inure to the benefit of the Republican party to keep its pledge; but whether it does or does not so inure, I wish to see that pledge kept. I feel that this is a true reform. For that reason I not only admire and honor Senators Hoar and Hawley, Congressmen Lodge, of Massachusetts, Hitt, of Illinois, and your own able Representative, Mr. McComas, as citizens, but I regard them as loyally keeping faith with the party by the stand they have taken in Congress. On the other hand, when Senator Ingalls sees fit to appear as the mouth-piece and champion of the spoilsman, not only do I feel outraged as a citizen at his appearing in this guise, making himself a part of all that is most evil and most degrading in our politics, but I feel that he is a traitor to his party. I do not think there can be doubt about my position on this question."

It must be confessed, however, that the accounts in Republican papers of the unprecedented rush and pressure for place at Washington are not a good augury of what is to come. The universal assumption of a total partisan reconstruction of the service; the careful cultivation of prejudice against Republicans who "held over" during the late administration, as if refusal to regard their places as the perquisites of the successful party were sufficient reason for summary dismissal; the apportioning of Custom-house and Post-office patronage among the most contemptuous enemies of reform as a matter of course—in a word, the eager carnival of spoils which the Washington letters describe seems to indicate that the party whose platform denounces the men who abandoned the party in 1884 is in 1889 in imminent danger of incurring the same denunciation of treachery to its own principles and of deliberate violation of its own pledges. The strain comes upon the President, and however unjustly, he will be held responsible, as his predecessor has been. The Whig office-seeking torrent in 1841 is surpassed by the Republican flood of 1889. The earlier deluge engulfed President Harrison's grandfather, and it will require all the courage, energy, and persistence of the grandson to withstand it now. If his action should demonstrate that it is not the counsel and conviction of such Republicans as Mr. Roosevelt names which is to prevail, but that of Messrs. Quay, Dudley, Platt, Ingalls, and the other notorious spoilsmen of the party, the failure and disgrace of the administration and of the party which pledged itself to reform will be swift and complete. Republican leaders of another kind than these cannot silently acquiesce in the complete disregard of the Republican platform without conniving at the deep discredit of their party. The men of 1884 whom the platform taunts with treachery will be justified in a laugh of contempt if those who took such lofty airs in June should be revealed as hypocrites and charlatans eating their own words in March. Four years ago the Democratic party made no other pledge than the simple declaration that it favored civil service reform. That phrase meant nothing, and was meant to mean nothing. The President, not his party, was the sole hope of reform. But the situation is now wholly changed. It is the party whose careful and detailed pledge the President has accepted. Republicans ridiculed independents for expecting reform from the Democratic party, then raised their voices in unison to declare, "We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs." We shall see. But if happily those pledges are not broken, the first to acknowledge the fact frankly will be the independent voters.

THE MACHINE.

The circumstances attending the selection of President Harrison's cabinet have shown him probably, as they have shown the country, the extreme and peculiar difficulties which now surround the Chief Executive. Our system of government by party has developed results that fully justify Washington's solemn deprecations and warnings in his farewell address. The active and immediate power of party has passed into the hands of what is called a machine, which is practically a few politicians in every State, bent, not upon the public welfare, but upon personal and party aggrandizement, and sustained by the venal power of patronage. The newly elected President, if he does not owe his nomination to this machine, is at once confronted with it, and the sore trial of his position begins. It may be said truthfully that the welfare of his administration depends, not upon the favor of his party, but upon the countenance of the machine. He must conciliate members of Congress at the capital, and the few party leaders in the different States. The condition of conciliation is conformity to their wishes. He must appoint to office those whom members of Congress and the local machines designate. If he resists, Congress can baffle the Executive wishes, and the machine will not hesitate to defeat the party in the State, and then point to the defeat as the result of the President's course. The sentiment of the party at large may be most friendly to the Executive, but it is not the sentiment of the party, it is the will of the machine, which generally decides the election.

This terrorism is brought to bear upon every President. However courageous and independent in feeling he may be, his only appeal is to the sympathy of the party at large, while that sympathy is futile to aid him as against the machine. Every intelligent observer in the State of New York, for instance, can perceive the general character and drift of Republican conviction and desire. But nothing can be plainer to him than that it is not really represented by those who are called Republican leaders. Theoretically, of course, those whom a party permits to direct its course and to select its candidates are its representatives. But actually this is true only negatively. Except under peculiar circumstances, and in actual emergencies when it is thoroughly aroused, the great mass of the party will not take the trouble necessary to secure fitting representatives. How much does the great body of Republican voters in the city of New York know or care about the management of the party? Who would seriously admit that the Republican character and intelligence of the city are represented by its acknowledged leaders who control the Convention and nominate the candidates? In any rural Republican county, who expects to find the real representatives of the party foremost in its active control?

This is the condition which the President must consider, and to this he feels that his official action must conform if he would avoid disaster. He is told that he is the trustee of a great party, that he has no moral right to substitute his personal convictions for the party wishes, and that the party speaks only through its organization, that is to say, through the machine. This condition, known as well to the country as to the President, should lead to the most charitable interpretation of Executive action. Mr. Cleveland is said to have remarked that if his reform friends only knew what he had resisted, their comments upon what he had done would be milder. The sharpest censure of his administration was due undoubtedly to courses which, however undesirable, seemed to him for party reasons indispensable. Even as it was, he was charged with defeating his party. But the situation in which simple justice requires that the Executive should be judged leniently shows the chief obstacle to good government, and begets the strongest resolution for its removal. Our party system, founded on patronage, endangers the very function of party. The President tends to become practically less the representative of a national purpose and honest administration than the tool of a small body of party politicians, whom, although a small body, he defies at his peril. That this is a tendency which increases rather than diminishes is shown by the manner in which President Harrison was stormed for places in his cabinet. If, therefore, the better sentiment and purpose of the Republican party chooses to submit to the control of a machine, it cannot fairly complain if it is judged by the conduct of the machine, and held to responsibility for it. But however abjectly the party may acquiesce, the stronger the machine, the stronger will be the public protest which will break it.

CHEERFUL VIEWS.

Those who take despondent views of public affairs are not close observers of the times. Undoubtedly abuses and evils now exist which the fathers did not foresee nor De Tocqueville remark fifty years ago. Jobs like the Capitol ceiling at Albany, the immense and perilous part played by money in politics, the enormous development of the machine, the practical sale of high offices, the decline in the character of party leaders, the good-natured toleration of rascality, all seem to indicate the extremest reaction from the moral exaltation of patriotic sentiment during the civil war. It is not necessary to point out that the most wretched political intrigues were rife in the highest political circles and that there was the most mercenary jobbery in contracts and supplies during the war, in order to show how dark are the shadows even of that bright picture of patriotism. Yet it would have been folly to deny the moral exaltation because of the intrigues and jobbery, and it would be equal folly to assume a general public and political decadence because of official recommendations to buy voters and marshal them in blocks of five, or because of boodle aldermen and venal public jobs without distinction of party.

If, however, this were all, and the public good-nature were content to smile and to guess that it would blow over, and to acquiesce without effort in a steady moral decay of the state, it would be a cause of just alarm for the "American commonwealth." But this is not our history. To go no further for an illustration, the most significant sign of the present situation is not so much the fact of the enormous and degrading use of money at elections as it is the fact of the general consciousness of the peril and the determination to provide against it. Indiana, for instance, is the State in which during the late campaign the misuse of money was at least most notorious. But in Indiana an electoral reform bill has become law this winter which will go far to correct the evil. In Massachusetts such a law already exists. In Rhode Island it is pending in the Legislature, and proposed in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and in New York it was defeated last year only by the Governor's veto. This shows a readiness to deal with abuses which is a sign of political health and vigor. It is the encouragement of every good effort, and covers with ridicule the assumption that our political practices cannot be improved, and that only sentimentalists and knavish schemers think that they sometimes need improvement.

In New York the Republicans have hitherto enjoyed the reputation of a disposition to advance such improvements. There are many voters who, whatever their views of a tariff may be, are inclined to think that upon State and municipal questions—questions of temperance, political reform, education, and similar interests—the Republican party deserves support rather than the Democratic. The Republicans, indeed, have done a large business upon the capital of this confidence. But the revelations of the ceiling job, the paralysis in the Legislature of the temperance and ballot reform movements, the want of initiative and vigor, are placing the Republican party in the position of a torpid man who is called respectable because his grandfather was a hero. The prestige of the party is still great; but it does so little to enhance it that young men, Republicans by family tradition, are leaving the party, not to join another, but from want of confidence and hope in it. This also is a sign of political health, because it shows the demand for a party that shall stand for honest politics. The Republican party cannot occupy that position by the simple assertion that it does so, while conniving at ceiling frauds and marshalling floaters in blocks of five. There is a good deal of humbug in politics, but even humbug may be stretched too thin. If the Republican Legislature in New York had passed a reasonable high-license law and a good electoral bill, and had shown itself clear of complicity in the ceiling scandal, it would have justified its claim to be the party from which reasonable and beneficent change is to be expected. That it suffers for not doing these things, and just in that degree loses the confidence of honest citizens, is another sign of excellent political health in the community.

SECTIONALISM.

A correspondent sends us some extracts from the Greenville *News*, in South Carolina, and asks our opinion of them. The paper comments upon the address of E. M. Brayton, chairman of the Republican State Committee, and says in regard to the election law of the State:

> "We prefer to declare boldly that most of what he says is true, and that the law he describes was and is intended to keep the control of this State with the white people, who are a minority in numbers, but who pay nineteen-twentieths of the taxes and represent ninety-nine one-hundreths of the intelligence and moral force."

And again:

> "The gaunt and unkempt Southerner who pokes a shot-gun into a voter's face to chase him from the polls is a better man than the sleek portly Northern manufacturer who offers a poor devil of a workman the choice between voting for high protection and starvation. The most reckless red-shirt riders who ever pulled a trigger are less guilty than the wealthy hypocrites who gave and the heelers who handled the money that corrupted the ballot last November. They may send troops here, as they did before, to stand at our polls, to purify the ballot with the bayonet, but, for all that, there will be no more stealing South Carolina."

What we think of this is what we think of the talk in a similar vein of such Northern politicians as Governor Foraker, of Ohio, and all "the bloody shirt" orators and newspapers. They strive to influence mere sectional passions for the meanest of purposes—a sectional, political, partisan, or personal advantage. They aim to feed angry fires which are declining, and to prolong without justification the hatreds of a past time. Neither Governor Foraker and the class which he represents, nor the South Carolina paper, rise above the lowest level of party spirit. The patriotism which bears and forbears is unknown to both of them. If they were representatives of the dominant and characteristic sentiment of the two parts of the country, we should still be in spirit and feeling as much at war as we were twenty-five years ago.

Our correspondent may find in the passages that we quote from the paper some hints for thought. He is a Republican, and he may well reflect that if the colored voter is sometimes suppressed by Democrats in the Southern States, the white voter is sometimes bought by Republicans in the Northern States, and that both practices are equally treason to the fundamental principle of the government. He may further ask himself how polls protected by national bayonets in communities like certain Southern districts can possibly draw out the suppressed vote, and he may finally meditate the question how a situation produced by such an agitation as the slavery controversy, followed by long civil war, can be wisely or patriotically adjusted if newspaper and party orators, like angry children, spit and snarl and taunt and vituperate, instead of manfully acknowledging a difficult problem and heartily and honestly cultivating the spirit in which alone it can be hopefully treated.

A SPOILS CALENDAR.

On the 30th of January, 1812, Josiah Quincy said in the House of Representatives at Washington:

> "Is there on this earth any collection of men in which exists a more intrinsic, hearty, and desperate love of office or place, particularly of fat places? Is there any country more infested than this with the vermin that breed in corruptions of power? Is there any in which place and official emolument more certainly follow distinguished servility at elections or base scurrility in the press? And as to eagerness for the reward, what is the fact? Let now one of your great office-holders, a Collector of Customs, a Marshal, a Commissioner of Loans, a Postmaster in one of your cities, or any officer, agent, or factor for your territories or public lands, or person holding place of minor distinction, but of considerable profit, be called upon to pay the last debt of nature. The poor man shall hardly be dead, he shall not be cold, long before the corpse is in the coffin, the mail shall be crowded to repletion with letters and certificates and recommendations and representations and every species of sturdy, sycophantic solicitation by which obtrusive mendicity seeks charity or invites compassion. Why, sir, we hear the clamor of the craving animals at the Treasury, though here in the Capitol. Such running, such jostling, such wriggling, such clambering over one another's backs, such squealing because the tub is so narrow and the company so crowded! No, sir; let us not talk of stoical apathy towards the things of the national Treasury either in this people or in their Representatives or Senators."

Seventeen years later, in 1829, it was not thought necessary to wait for the death of the incumbent. On the 14th of March, 1829, Mr. Samuel Swartwout, subsequently Collector of New York, and defaulter to the amount of about a million dollars, writes from Washington to a spoils "pal" in New York:

> "I hold to your doctrine fully that no d——d rascal who made use of his office or its profits for the purpose of keeping Mr. Adams in and General Harrison out of power *is entitled to the least lenity or mercy, save that of hanging*. So we think both alike on that head.
>
> "Whether or not I shall get anything in the general scramble for plunder remains to be proven, but I rather *guess* I shall. What it will be is not yet so certain; perhaps keeper of the Bergen light-house. I rather think Massa Pomp stands a smart chance of going somewhere, perhaps to the place you have named, or to the *devil*.
>
> "Your man, if you want a place, is Colonel Hamilton. He is now the second officer in the government of the Union, and in all probability our next President. Make your suit to him, then, and you will get what you want. I know Mr. Ingram slightly, and recommend you to push like a devil if you expect anything from that quarter. I can do you no good in any quarter of the world, having mighty little influence beyond Hoboken. The great goers are the new men, the old troopers being all spavined and ringboned from previous hard travel. I've got the bots, the fetlock hip-joint, gravel, halt, and founders, and I assure you if I can only keep my own legs I shall do well, but I am darned if I can carry any weight with me. When I left home I thought my nag sound and strong, but the beast is rather broken down here. I'll tell you more about it when I see you in New York."

In 1883 public feeling at the disgrace of such prostitution of the public service, which, alone among civilized nations, was peculiar to the United States, found expression in the reform law. In 1888 the Republican party returned to power under the most solemn pledges to respect the law both in letter and spirit. On the 10th of March, 1889, a letter from Washington to the New York *Tribune*, one of the chief party organs, says:

> "The army which now besieges the White House and besets the Executive Departments also contains a majority of 'ex's.' There is a heavy sprinkling of old soldiers, and the buttons of the G. A. R. and the rosettes of the Loyal Legion are more conspicuous than ever before. There seems to be general conviction that honorable service in the Union army or navy will not be regarded as a political disability by this administration, five members of which, including the President, wore the Union blue. But the ex-soldiers are outnumbered by the 'ex's' who obtained their titles in the civil service of the government before the days of 'Cleveland and Reform.' Perhaps one out of every four men one meets is not an 'ex,' but three of them at least are ex-something, from ex-Secretary down to ex-messenger, and every mother's son of them, almost, wants his 'old place,' or something better. They 'know all the ropes' of office-seeking and office-getting, and therefore are formidable competitors in the race with men who have now entered it for the first time, despite the prejudice which exists against ex-office-holders who devote their energies to office-seeking."

This shows, not that nothing has been done to avert this disgrace from the country, but that something remains to do.

AN ALARM-BELL.

Garden and Forest, in speaking of a subject of the greatest importance to the prosperity of New York, says that "the complete destruction of the Adirondack forests is inevitable if existing conditions and methods of treatment are to continue." Their destruction would seriously affect the principal rivers and the water supply of the Erie Canal, and cause wide-spread disaster. The result cannot be averted by guessing that the situation is not so alarming as stated, and that all will come out right. There is but one way to prevent the certain consequences of the situation, which grows worse daily, and that is a system of permanent control under competent direction.

This is held by *Garden and Forest* to be impossible so long as the control is treated as a part of the political patronage of the State government. The evil cannot be remedied by merely changing the persons who administer a system which is essentially vicious. But a Legislature whose committee permits huge cheating in a ceiling in order to raise an election fund will hardly save the State forests without a very emphatic demand from the public.

THE MURDER OF COLONEL DAWSON.

The assassination of Colonel Dawson, the editor of the Charleston *News and Courier*, seems to have been one of the most dastardly of murders, and the occasion, as reported, deepens the blackness of the crime, and greatly enhances public respect for the character and memory of the murdered man. Colonel Dawson was in the very prime of life. The journal which he edited was one of very great influence, and the spirit in which it was conducted was in general wise and hopeful. It was for some reasons a decided advantage for the State of South Carolina at this time that the editor of its chief journal was not American born, because he was unswayed by the traditions which cannot but unhappily affect in some degree the native Carolinian.

The shock of Colonel Dawson's violent death was not confined to the city and State of his residence. Through his paper he had taken strong hold of those in every part of the country who watch the organs of public opinion, and they saw in the Charleston *News and Courier* signs of the spirit which, if happily directed, promises much for the Southern States and the Union. In South Carolina, however, there are those who probably feel that Colonel Dawson was too much the supporter of a State control which is not wholly in accord with that better spirit. But his great merit as a leader of opinion was his conviction that "the South" must look forward and not back, and cultivate exclusively the tendencies and the spirit which make for Union.

The public grief in Charleston attests the consciousness of the loss of an invaluable citizen, and he could have produced so strong an impression only by devoted and effective public service. It is not the least significant fact that the man of English birth who was one of the most resolute soldiers of the Confederacy, of unquestioned bravery and ability, and who held so high a place in the public regard of Charleston, had been knighted by the Pope for his services in procuring the passage of an anti-duelling law. Colonel Dawson seems to have been a man of the truly modern type and instinct, a representative of the leadership which is the hope of "the South," and therefore he is most naturally and most deeply lamented by his fellow-citizens.

WILLIAM F. RICH.

William F. Rich, who had been for fifty years connected with the house of Harper & Brothers, where he learned his trade of type-setting, and had been for some years foreman of one of the composing-rooms, died suddenly on the 13th of March, at the age of sixty-eight. He was one of the most upright, honorable, and faithful of men, with a singular gentleness and sweetness of disposition, and a freshness and simplicity of nature which triumphed over time and circumstance. His religious faith was strong and constant and consoling, but characteristically unobtrusive. The law of his life was the golden rule, and it was inevitable that such a man should be, as he was, not only highly respected, but beloved by all his daily associates, and that they should instinctively say, as they recall him, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

PERSONAL.

In *Good Words* for March there is a critical and biographical sketch of Charles Dudley Warner, contributed by Dr. Francis H. Underwood, who, speaking generally of Mr. Warner's writings, says: "The lively susceptibility and agreeable humor of the author give to all his works a unique charm. He has the art of sketching scenes and people with light and effective touches, and the reader is led on not only without weariness, but with the writer's own enthusiasm. He gives little of the information that guide-books supply, but rather the gay and humorous impressions made on his mind. We are interested in the vivid pictures he shows us, but mainly in the personal medium through which we behold them." The readers of Harper's Magazine, who have received so much pleasure from Mr. Warner's delightful introductory-page essays in the Editor's Drawer—a series of surprises from month to month—and from his picturesque descriptions of our own country, including Mexico and Canada, will find in his novel, "A Little Journey in the World," beginning in the April number, a deeper but not less pleasing revelation of his power in an entirely new field. It is a story of American life.

—The death of Sidney Bartlett, Boston's oldest practising lawyer, and a man of remarkable grasp and vigor for his age, follows closely upon the recent announcement of his ninetieth birthday, which occurred February 13th. He was a survivor of the period of Webster, Choate, and other great lawyers. His practice netted him over $100,000 a year, it is estimated, and for over thirty years he was acknowledged to be the leader of the bar in the United States Supreme Court. He was one of the counsel employed in the solution of the Presidential question before the Electoral Commission in 1877. Henry W. Paine is the oldest lawyer of high distinction in Boston now, although ill health has incapacitated him from work.

—Marquis Mayeda, a Japanese nobleman, who has been delegated by his government to inspect the military and naval systems of Western nations, has arrived in this country. He is very wealthy, and of the highest social position in the Japanese aristocracy, and will be one of the hereditary peers in the first national parliament, to be called together by the Emperor two years hence. His father, the feudal lord of Kaga, had a revenue from his territory of not less than $6,000,000 a year, and a mansion of great splendor at Tokio, the magnificent grounds of which are now occupied by the Imperial University.

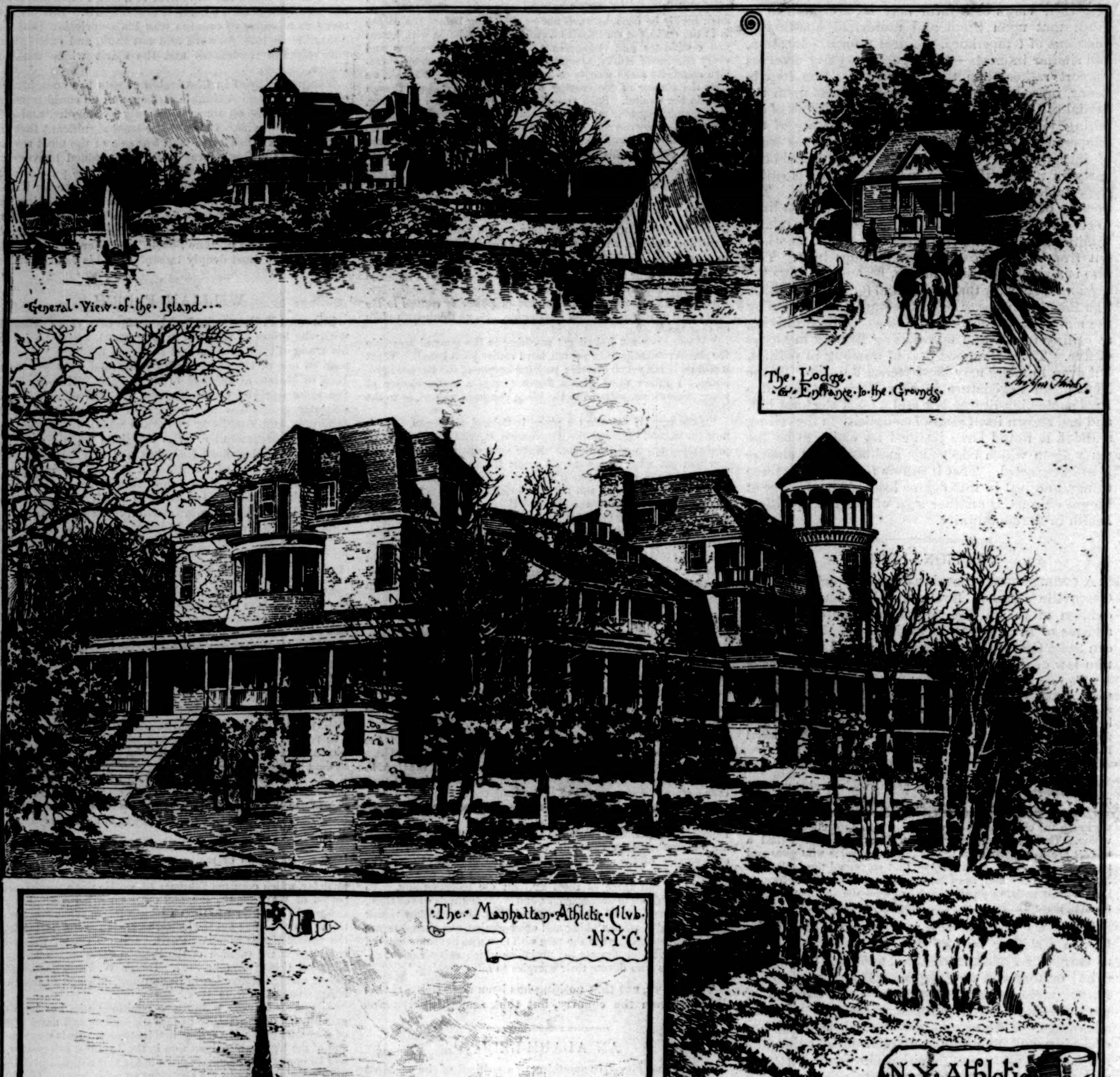
—The old defenders of the city of Baltimore have all passed away but Mrs. Elizabeth Sands, who has been spared to celebrate her one-hundredth birthday. She attended her husband in camp during the second war with England, and encouraged the soldiers who defended the city against the attack of the British troops.

—There are men already growing old who must have been stirred by many reminiscences of their school-boy days on reading of the death of Gerardus Beekman Docharty, late Professor of Mathematics in the College of the City of New York. Generations of students have worked their way from Equations to the Calculus under the firm but kindly guidance of Dr. Docharty, and have carried into the pursuits of active life the practical training which he was so well fitted to impart. He had a genial and humorous disposition which gave him a special charm, and his inexhaustible fund of good stories and pleasant jokes will long be remembered by the boys who heard them.

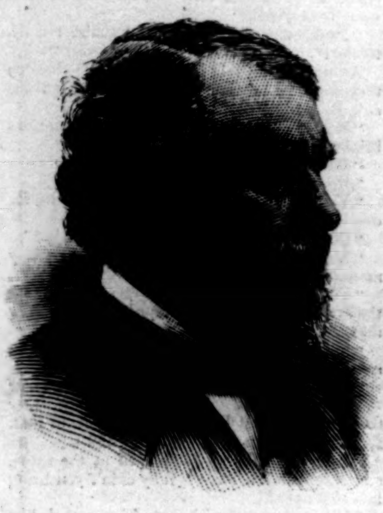
—The resignation of the Democratic Postmaster at Winchester, Massachusetts, has given the Republican voters of the town a chance to express their preference as to his successor. They met in the town-hall the other evening, and after three close and exciting ballots decided that William B. Fitch was their choice. His name has therefore been forwarded to Congressman Lodge at Washington.

—Ex-Senator Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, has just passed his ninetieth birthday, but is active and energetic, and greatly prefers walking to driving. He divides his time between Harrisburg and his country-seat at Donegal, in Lancaster County. While taking no active interest in politics, he still remains an ardent Republican. He is an inveterate reader, and eagerly devours newspapers, magazines, novels, and much other literary matter.

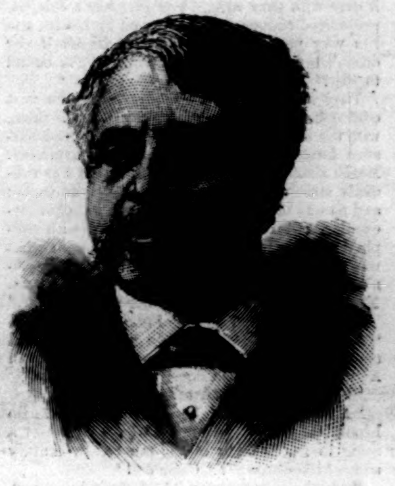
—The title of "the copper king," applied to J. B. Haggin, of California, gives only a slight idea of the money-making versatility of a most remarkable man. About thirty years ago he appeared on the Pacific slope as a lawyer, and since then he has been associated with numerous business enterprises whose success has simply been astounding. He now owns the Anaconda copper mine in Montana, the Homestake gold mine at Deadwood, Dakota, and silver mines in Arizona and California; he is prominent in the Wells & Fargo Express Company, his reputation as a breeder of thorough-bred horses is national, he is the largest raiser of hops in America, and his flocks of sheep are outnumbered by none others on the Pacific coast. George Hearst, California's millionaire Senator, was associated with Mr. Haggin in some of his most prosperous ventures.


General View of the Island
The Lodge & Entrance to the Grounds
The Manhattan Athletic Club N.Y.C.
N.Y. Athletic Club Travers Island L.I. Sound
The N.Y.A.C. Boat-House

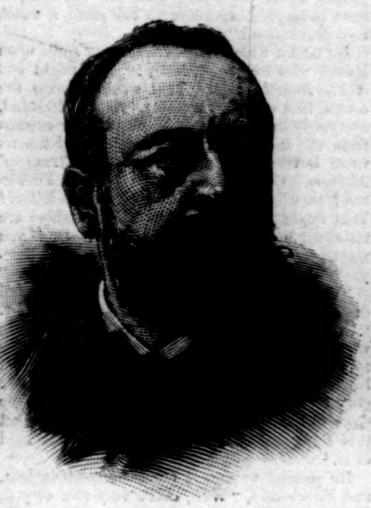
HOUSES OF THE NEW YORK AND THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUBS.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 223.]



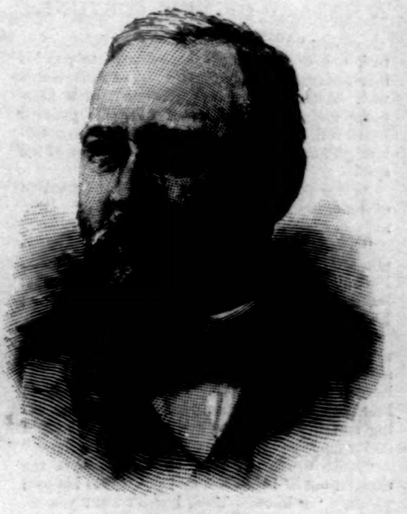
ALBERT G. PORTER, OF INDIANA, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ITALY.—[From a Photo. by Clark, Indianapolis.—[See Page 223.]



THOMAS W. PALMER, OF MICHIGAN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN.



EUGENE SCHUYLER, OF NEW YORK, THE NOMINEE FOR FIRST ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.



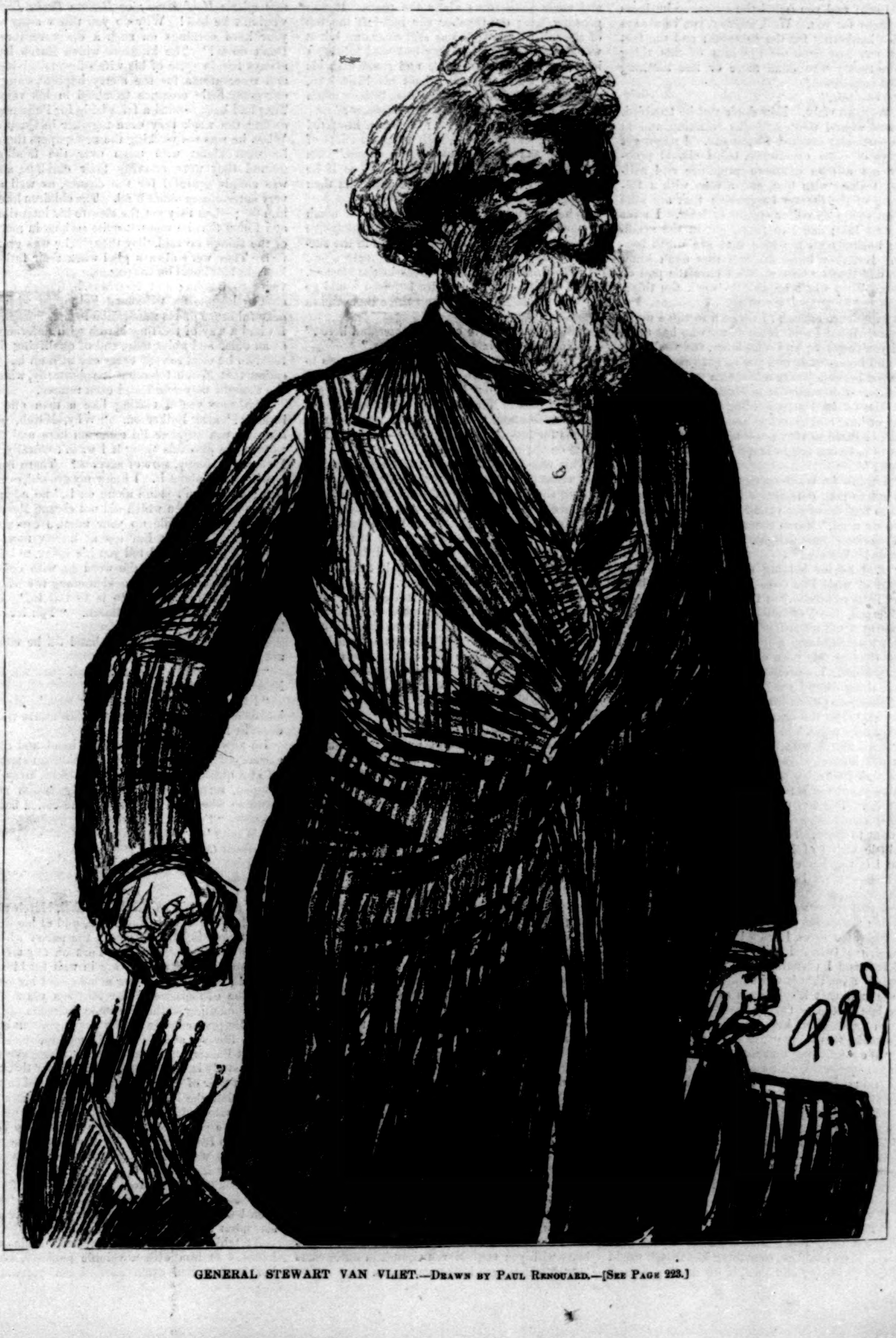
A. C. MELETTE, GOVERNOR OF DAKOTA. From a Photograph by Bell.—[See Page 223.]

THOMAS W. PALMER.

The Hon. **Thomas W. Palmer**, who has been named as the successor of Mr. **Perry Belmont** as American Minister to Spain, was born at Detroit, Michigan, January 25, 1830, his father being one of the pioneers in that region. His mother was a daughter of Judge **James Witherell**. He entered the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, but trouble with the eyes compelled him to abandon his studies without graduation. He received his degree in after-years. On leaving college he visited Europe, and travelled over Spain on foot, acquiring an easy familiarity with the language of the country, and taking great interest in its people and its history, which he has since kept up. On his way home from Europe he visited the Spanish countries of South America, and travelled in Brazil. He first engaged in business in Wisconsin in 1850 as agent for a transportation company, and afterward settled down as a merchant at Appleton in that State, but in 1853 he returned to Detroit and took up the real estate business. Two years later he married the daughter of **Charles P. Merrill**, an extensive lumber dealer, and became a partner in his business, to which he finally succeeded. For some years he has been one of the most extensive owners of timber land and lumber mills in the Northwest, and has accumulated a large fortune. He is the owner of an extensive stock farm, and has been much interested in agricultural matters, being president of the Agricultural Society of his State. Mr. **Palmer** was an active and earnest member of the Republican party from the time it was formed, but down to 1878 had refused to hold any public office except that of a member of the Detroit Board of Estimate. In the year named he consented to an election to the State Senate, and in 1883 was chosen to the United States Senate, his term having just expired. Senator **Palmer** has exhibited a peculiarly independent character, professing a dislike for the active duties of politics and public life, and refusing to be considered a candidate for re-election to the Senate. He has long been a somewhat intimate friend of President **Harrison**, and was favorably regarded for a cabinet position. He would undoubtedly have been made Secretary of Agriculture but for the opposition of Senator **Stockbridge** and ex-Governor **Alger**. Probably his familiarity with Spanish affairs and his fondness for the history and language of Spain induced him to regard with favor the appointment as Minister at the Court of Madrid.

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

Eugene Schuyler, who was last week nominated by the President to be First Assistant Secretary of State, approaches perhaps more nearly than any other American to the European notion of a professional diplomatist. In the extent and variety of his service as a representative of his country abroad he has attained an experience that will be invaluable in the office to which he has been appointed, and his eminent fitness for which has been very cordially recognized throughout the country. Mr. **Schuyler** was born at Ithaca in 1840, and is the son of the late **George W. Schuyler**, the author of *Colonial New York*, who held the offices of Treasurer, Superintendent of the Banking Department, and Auditor of the Canal Department of this State. He was graduated at Yale in 1859, and at the Columbia Law School in 1863. For the succeeding three years he practised law in the city of New York, devoting his leisure to literature, and in particular to the study of Russian. This study bore fruit in a translation of **Tourguénief**'s *Fathers and Sons*, and was very possibly influential in procuring his first appointment in the public service, the Consulate at Moscow, upon the duties of which he entered in August, 1867. Two years later he was transferred to Reval, and in April, 1870, became Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg under Governor **Curtin**. He remained at St. Petersburg for nearly six years, for a large part of the time as Chargé d'Affaires in the absence of a Minister. In 1873, on leave of absence, he made a journey of eight months to central Asia, the results of which are embodied in his valuable work on Turkistan. In 1876 he became Secretary of Legation and Consul-General at Constantinople, and it was during that year that he wrote the official report upon the Turkish massacres in Bulgaria, which produced a profound impression in this country, and still more abroad, insomuch that it has undoubtedly affected the subsequent history of southeastern Europe. In 1878 Mr. **Schuyler** was appointed Consul at Birmingham, and the next year Consul-General at Rome. In 1880 he was Consul-General and Chargé d'Affaires in Bucharest. From 1882 to 1884 he resided at Athens as Minister to Greece, Servia, and Roumania. The mission being discontinued by the failure of Congress to make an appropriation for it, Mr. **Schuyler** returned to the United States, and has since employed himself in literary work. He gave a course of lectures at Cornell and at Johns Hopkins in the winter of 1885 on our Consular and Diplomatic Service, and in the following autumn another course at Cornell on the relation of diplomacy to international trade. These two courses of lectures were the groundwork of his book on *American Diplomacy and the Furtherance of Commerce*. Besides the works mentioned above, Mr. **Schuyler** is the translator of **Tolstoi**'s *Cossacks*, and the author of a life of **Peter** the Great.



GENERAL STEWART VAN VLIET.—Drawn by Paul Renouard.—[See Page 223.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.

(Continued from front page.)

took one of them down long enough to put his inkstand and mucilage bottle out of Fulkerson's way. After many years' experiment of a mustache and whiskers, he now wore his grizzled beard full, but cropped close; it gave him a certain grimness, corrected by the gentleness of his eyes.

"Some people don't think much of the creation of man, nowadays. Why stop at that? Why not say since the morning stars sang together?"

"No, sir; no, sir! I don't want to claim too much, and I draw the line at the creation of man. I'm satisfied with that. But if you want to ring the morning stars into the prospectus, all right; I won't go back on you."

"But I don't understand why you've set your mind on *me*," March said. "I haven't had any magazine experience; you know that; and I haven't seriously attempted to do anything in literature since I was married. I gave up smoking and the Muse together. I suppose I could still manage a cigar, but I don't believe I could—"

"Muse worth a cent." Fulkerson took the thought out of his mouth and put it into his own words. "I know. Well, I don't want you to. I don't care if you never write a line for the thing, though you needn't reject anything of yours, if it happens to be good, on that account. And I don't want much experience in my editor; rather not have it. You told me, didn't you, that you used to do some newspaper work before you settled down?"

"Yes; I thought my lines were permanently cast in those places once. It was more an accident than anything else that I got into the insurance business. I suppose I secretly hoped that if I made my living by something utterly different, I could come more freshly to literature proper in my leisure."

"I see; and you found the insurance business too many for you. Well, anyway, you've always had a hankering for the ink-pots; and the fact that you first gave me the idea of this thing shows that you've done more or less thinking about magazines."

"Yes—less."

"Well, all right. Now don't you be troubled. I know what I want, generally speaking, and in this particular instance I want *you*. I might get a man of more experience, but I should probably get a man of more prejudice and self-conceit along with him, and a man with a following of the literary hangers-on that are sure to get round an editor sooner or later. I want to start fair; and I've found out in the syndicate business all the men that are worth having. But they know me, and they don't know you, and that's where we shall have the pull on them. They won't be able to work the thing. Don't you be anxious about the experience. I've got experience enough of my own to run a dozen editors. What I want is an editor who has taste, and you've got it; and conscience, and you've got it; and horse-sense, and you've got that. And I like you because you're a Western man; and I'm another. I do cotton to a Western man when I find him off East here, holding his own with the best of 'em, and showing 'em that he's just as much civilized as they are. We both know what it is to have our bright home in the setting sun; heigh?"

"I think we Western men who've come East are apt to take ourselves a little too objectively, and to feel ourselves rather more representative than we need," March remarked.

Fulkerson was delighted. "You've hit it! We do! We are!"

"And as for holding my own, I'm not very proud of what I've done in that way; it's been very little to hold. But I know what you mean, Fulkerson, and I've felt the same thing myself; it warmed me toward you when we first met. I can't help suffusing a little to any man when I hear that he was born on the other side of the Alleghanies. It's perfectly stupid. I despise the same thing when I see it in Boston people."

Fulkerson pulled first one of his blond whiskers and then the other, and twisted the end of each into a point, which he left to untwine itself. He fixed March with his little eyes, which had a curious innocence in their cunning, and tapped the desk immediately in front of him. "What I like about you is that you're broad in your sympathies. The first time I saw you, that night on the Quebec boat, I said to myself: 'There's a man I want to know. There's a human being.' I was a little afraid of Mrs. March and the children, but I felt at home with you—thoroughly domesticated—before I passed a word with you; and when you spoke first, and opened up with a joke over that fellow's tableful of light literature and Indian moccasins and birch-bark toy canoes and stereoscopic views, I knew that we were brothers—spiritual twins. I recognized the Western style of fun, and I thought, when you said you were from Boston, that it was some of the same. But I see now that it's being a cold fact, as far as the last fifteen or twenty years count, is just so much gain. You know both sections, and you can make this thing go, from ocean to ocean."

"We might ring that into the prospectus too," March suggested, with a smile. "You might call the thing *From Sea to Sea*. By-the-way, what are you going to call it?"

"I haven't decided yet; that's one of the things I wanted to talk with you about. I *had* thought of *The Syndicate;* but it sounds kind of dry, and it don't seem to cover the ground exactly. I should like something that would express the co-operative character of the thing; but I don't know as I can get it."

"Might call it *The Mutual*."

"They'd think it was an insurance paper. No, that won't do. But Mutual comes pretty near the idea. If we could get something like that, it would pique curiosity; and then, if we could get paragraphs afloat explaining that the contributors were to be paid according to the sales, it would be a first-rate ad."

He bent a wide, anxious, inquiring smile upon March, who suggested, lazily: "You might call it *The Round Robin*. That would express the central idea of irresponsibility. As I understand, everybody is to share the profits and be exempt from the losses. Or, if I'm wrong, and the reverse is true, you might call it *The Army of Martyrs*. Come, that sounds attractive, Fulkerson! Or what do you think of *The Fifth Wheel?* That would forestall the criticism that there are too many literary periodicals already. Or, if you want to put forward the idea of complete independence, you could call it *The Free Lance;* or—"

"Or *The Hog on Ice*—either stand up or fall down, you know," Fulkerson broke in, coarsely. "But we'll leave the name of the magazine till we get the editor. I see the poison's beginning to work in you, March; and if I had time, I'd leave the result to time. But I haven't. I've got to know inside of the next week. To come down to business with you, March, I sha'n't start this thing unless I can get you to take hold of it."

He seemed to expect some acknowledgment, and March said, "Well, that's very nice of you, Fulkerson."

"No, sir; no, sir! I've always liked you, and wanted you, ever since we met that first night. I had this thing inchoately in my mind then, when I was telling you about the newspaper syndicate business—beautiful vision of a lot of literary fellows breaking loose from the bondage of publishers, and playing it alone—"

"You might call it *The Lone Hand;* that would be attractive," March interrupted. "The whole West would know what you meant."

Fulkerson was talking seriously, and March was listening seriously; but they both broke off and laughed. Fulkerson got down off the table and made some turns about the room. It was growing late; the October sun had left the top of the tall windows; it was still clear day, but it would soon be twilight; they had been talking a long time. Fulkerson came and stood with his little feet wide apart, and bent his little lean, square face on March: "See here! How much do you get out of this thing here, anyway?"

"The insurance business?" March hesitated a moment, and then said, with a certain effort of reserve, "At present about three thousand." He looked up at Fulkerson with a glance, as if he had a mind to enlarge upon the fact, and then dropped his eyes without saying more.

Whether Fulkerson had not thought it so much or not, he said: "Well, I'll give you thirty-five hundred. Come! And your chances in the success."

"We won't count the chances in the success. And I don't believe thirty-five hundred would go any farther in New York than three thousand in Boston."

"But you don't live on three thousand here?"

"No; my wife has a little property."

"Well, she won't lose the income if you go to New York. I suppose you pay six or seven hundred a year for your house here. You can get plenty of flats in New York for the same money; and I understand you can get all sorts of provisions for less than you pay now—three or four cents on the pound. Come!"

This was by no means the first talk they had had about the matter; every three or four months during the past two years the syndicate man had dropped in upon March to air the scheme and to get his impressions of it. This had happened so often that it had come to be a sort of joke between them. But now Fulkerson clearly meant business, and March had a struggle to maintain himself in a firm poise of refusal.

"I dare say it wouldn't—or it needn't—cost so very much more, but I don't want to go to New York; or my wife doesn't. It's the same thing."

"A good deal samer," Fulkerson admitted.

March did not quite like his candor, and he went on with dignity. "It's very natural she shouldn't. She has always lived in Boston; she's attached to the place. Now, if you were going to start *The Fifth Wheel* in Boston—"

Fulkerson slowly and sadly shook his head, but decidedly. "Wouldn't do. You might as well say St. Louis or Cincinnati. There's only one city that belongs to the whole country, and that's New York."

"Yes, I know," sighed March; "and Boston belongs to the Bostonians; but they like you to make yourself at home while you're visiting."

"If you'll agree to make phrases like that, right along, and get them into *The Round Robin* somehow, I'll say four thousand," said Fulkerson. "You think it over, now, March. You *talk* it over with Mrs. March; I know you will, anyway; and I might as well make a virtue of advising you to do it. Tell her I advised you to do it, and you let me know before next Saturday what you've decided."

March shut down the rolling top of his desk in the corner of the room, and walked Fulkerson out before him. It was so late that the last of the chore-women who washed down the marble halls and stairs of the great building had wrung out her floor-cloth and departed, leaving spotless stone and a clean damp smell in the darkening corridors behind her.

"Couldn't offer you such swell quarters in New York, March," Fulkerson said as he went tack-tacking down the steps with his small boot heels. "But I've got my eye on a little house round in West Eleventh Street, that I'm going to fit up for my bachelor's hall in the third story, and adapt for *The Lone Hand* in the first and second, if this thing goes through; and I guess we'll be pretty comfortable. It's right on the Sand Strip—no malaria of *any* kind."

"I don't know that I'm going to share its salubrity with you yet," March sighed, in an obvious travail which gave Fulkerson hopes.

"Oh yes, you are," he coaxed. "Now you talk it over with your wife. You give her a fair, unprejudiced chance at the thing on its merits, and I'm very much mistaken in Mrs. March if she doesn't tell you to go in and win. We're bound to win!"

They stood on the outside steps of the vast edifice beetling like a granite crag above them, with the stone groups of an allegory of life-insurance foreshortened in the bass-relief overhead. March absently lifted his eyes to it. It was suddenly strange after so many years' familiarity; and so was the well-known street in its Saturday-evening solitude. He asked himself, with prophetic homesickness, if it were an omen of what was to be. But he only said, musingly: "A fortnightly. You know that didn't work in England. *The Fortnightly* is published once a month now."

"It works in France," Fulkerson retorted. "The *Revue des Deux Mondes* is still published twice a month. I guess we can make it work in America—with illustrations."

"Going to have illustrations?"

"My dear boy! What are you giving me? Do I look like the sort of lunatic who would start a thing in the twilight of the nineteenth century *without* illustrations? *Come* off!"

"Ah, that complicates it! I don't know anything about art." March's look of discouragement confessed the hold the scheme had taken upon him.

"I don't want you to!" Fulkerson retorted. "Don't you suppose I shall have an art man?"

"And will they—the artists—work at a reduced rate too, like the writers, with the hopes of a share in the success?"

"Of course they will! And if I want any particular man, for a card, I'll pay him big money besides. But I can get plenty of first-rate sketches on my own terms. You'll see! They'll *pour* in!"

"Look here, Fulkerson," said March, "you'd better call this fortnightly of yours *The Madness of the Half Moon;* or *Bedlam Broke Loose* wouldn't be bad! Why do you throw away all your hard earnings on such a crazy venture? Don't do it!" The kindness which March had always felt, in spite of his wife's first misgivings and reservations, for the merry, hopeful, slangy, energetic little creature trembled in his voice. They had both formed a friendship for Fulkerson during the week they were together in Quebec. When he was not working the newspapers there, he went about with them over the familiar ground they were showing their children, and was simply grateful for the chance, as well as very entertaining about it all. The children liked him too; when they got the clew to his intention, and found that he was not quite serious in many of the things he said, they thought he was great fun. They were always glad when their father brought him home on the occasion of Fulkerson's visits to Boston; and Mrs. March, though of a charier hospitality, welcomed Fulkerson with a grateful sense of his admiration for her husband. He had a way of treating March with deference, as an older and abler man, and of qualifying the freedom he used toward every one with an implication that March tolerated it voluntarily, which she thought very sweet, and even refined.

"Ah, *now* you're talking like a man and a brother!" said Fulkerson. "Why, March, old man, do you suppose I'd come on here and try to talk you into this thing if I wasn't morally, if I wasn't perfectly, *sure* of success? There isn't any if or and about it. I know my ground, every inch; and I don't stand alone on it," he added, with a significance which did not escape March. "When you've made up your mind, I can give you the proof; but I'm not at liberty now to say anything more. I tell you it's going to be a triumphal march from the word go, with coffee and lemonade for the procession along the whole line. All you've got to do is to fall in." He stretched out his hand to March. "You let me know as soon as you can."

March deferred taking his hand till he could ask, "Where are you going?"

"Parker House. Take the half past ten for New York to-night."

"I thought I might walk your way." March looked at his watch. "But I shouldn't have time. Good-by!"

He now let Fulkerson have his hand, and they exchanged a cordial pressure. Fulkerson started off at a quick, light pace. Half a block away he stopped, turned round, and seeing March still standing where he had left him, he called back, joyously, "I've got the name!"

"What?"

"*Every Other Week.*"

"It isn't bad."

"Ta-ta!"

II.

All the way up to the South End, March prolonged his talk with Fulkerson, and at his door in Nankeen Square he closed the parley with a plump refusal to go to New York on any terms. His daughter Bella was lying in wait for him in the hall, and she threw her arms round his neck with the exuberance of her fourteen years, and with something of the histrionic intention of her sex. He pressed on, with her clinging about him, to the library, and, in the glow of his decision against Fulkerson, kissed his wife, where she sat by the study lamp reading the *Transcript* through her first pair of eye-glasses: it was agreed in the family that she looked distinguished in them, or at any rate cultivated. She took them off to give him a glance of question, and their son Tom looked up from his book for a moment: he was in his last year at the high-school, and was preparing for Harvard.

"I didn't get away from the office till half past five," March explained to his wife's glance, "and then I walked. I suppose dinner's waiting. I'm sorry, but I won't do it any more."

At table he tried to be gay with Bella, who babbled at him with a voluble pertness, which her brother had often advised her parents to check in her, unless they wanted her to be universally despised.

"Papa," she shouted at last, "you're not listening!"

As soon as possible his wife told the children they might be excused. Then she asked, "What *is* it, Basil?"

"What is what?" he retorted, with a specious brightness that did not avail.

"What is on your mind?"

"How do you know there's anything?"

"Your kissing me so when you came in, for one thing."

"Don't I always kiss you when I come in?"

"Not now. I suppose it isn't necessary any more. *Cela va sans baiser.*"

"Yes, I guess it's so; we get along without the symbolism now." He stopped, but she knew that he had not finished.

"Is it about your business? Have they done anything more?"

"No; I'm still in the dark. I don't know whether they mean to supplant me, or whether they ever did. But I wasn't thinking about that. Fulkerson has been to see me again."

"Fulkerson?" She brightened at the name, and March smiled too. "Why didn't you bring him to dinner?"

"I wanted to talk with you. Then you *do* like him?"

"What has that got to do with it, Basil!"

"Nothing! nothing! That is, he was boring away about that scheme of his again. He's got it into definite shape at last."

"What shape?"

March outlined it for her, and his wife seized its main features with the intuitive sense of affairs which makes women such good business-men when they will let it.

"It *sounds* perfectly crazy," she said, finally. "But it mayn't be. The only thing I didn't like about Mr. Fulkerson was his always wanting to chance things. But what have you got to do with it?"

"What have I got to do with it?" March toyed with the delay the question gave him; then he said, with a sort of deprecatory laugh, "It seems that Fulkerson has had his eye on me ever since we met that night on the Quebec boat. I opened up pretty freely to him, as you do to a man you never expect to see again, and when I found he was in that newspaper syndicate business, I told him about my early literary ambitions—"

"You can't say that *I* ever discouraged them, Basil," his wife put in. "I should have been willing, any time, to give up everything for them."

"Well, he says that I first suggested this brilliant idea to him. Perhaps I did; I don't remember. When he told me about his supplying literature to newspapers for simultaneous publication, he says I asked, 'Why not apply the principle of co-operation to a magazine, and run it in the interest of the contributors?' and that set him to thinking, and he thought out his plan of a periodical which should pay authors and artists a low price outright for their work, and give them a chance of the profits in the way of a percentage. After all, it isn't so very different from the chances an author takes when he publishes a book. And Fulkerson thinks that the novelty of the thing would pique public curiosity, if it didn't arouse public sympathy. And the long and short of it is, Isabel, that he wants me to help edit it."

"To edit it?" His wife caught her breath, and she took a little time to realize the fact, while she stared hard at her husband to make sure he was not joking.

"Yes. He says he owes it all to me; that I invented the idea—the germ—the microbe."

His wife had now realized the fact, at least in a degree that excluded trifling with it. "That is very honorable of Mr. Fulkerson; and if he owes it to you, it was the least he could do." Having recognized her husband's claim to the honor done him, she began to kindle with a sense of the honor itself, and the value of the opportunity. "It's a very high compliment to *you*, Basil; a *very* high compliment. And you could give up this wretched insurance business that you've always hated so, and that's making you so unhappy now that you think they're going to take it from you. Give it up, and take Mr. Fulkerson's offer! It's a perfect interposition, coming just at this time! Why, do it! Mercy!" she suddenly arrested herself, "he wouldn't expect *you* to get along on the possible profits?" Her face expressed the awfulness of the notion.

March smiled reassuringly, and waited to give himself the pleasure of the sensation he meant to give her. "If I'll make striking phrases for it and edit it too, he'll give me four thousand dollars."

He leaned back in his chair, and stuck his hands deep into his pockets, and watched his wife's face, luminous with the emotions that flashed through her mind—doubt, joy, anxiety.

"Basil! You don't mean it! Why, *take* it! Take it *instantly!* *Oh*, what a thing to happen! *Oh*, what luck! But you deserve it, if you first suggested it. What an escape, what a triumph over all those hateful insurance people! Oh, Basil, I'm afraid he'll change his mind! You ought to have accepted on the spot. You might have *known* I would approve, and you could *so* easily have taken it back if I didn't. Telegraph him now! Run right out with the despatch! Or we can send Tom!"

In these imperatives of Mrs. March's there was always much of the conditional. She meant that he should do what she said, if it were entirely right; and she never meant to be considered as having urged him.

"And suppose his enterprise went wrong?" her husband suggested.

"It won't *go* wrong. Hasn't he made a success of his syndicate?"

"He says so—yes."

"Very well; then it stands to reason that he'll succeed in this too. He wouldn't undertake it if he didn't know it would succeed; he must have capital."

"It will take a great deal to get such a thing going; and even if he's got an Angel behind him—"

She caught at the word: "An Angel?"

"It's what the theatrical people call a financial backer. He dropped a hint of something of that kind."

"Of course he's got an Angel," said his wife, promptly adopting the word. "And even if he hadn't, still, Basil, I should be willing to have you risk it. The risk isn't so great, is it? We shouldn't be ruined if it failed altogether. With our stocks we have two thousand a year, anyway, and we could pinch through on that till you got into some other business afterward, especially if we'd saved something out of your salary while it lasted. Basil, I want you to try it! I know it will give you a new lease of life to have a congenial occupation." March laughed, but his wife persisted. "I'm all for your trying it, Basil; indeed, I am. If it's an experiment, you can give it up."

"It can give me up, too."

"Oh, nonsense! I guess there's not much fear of that. Now I want you to telegraph Mr. Fulkerson, so that he'll find the despatch waiting for him when he gets to New York. I'll take the whole responsibility, Basil, and I'll risk all the consequences."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SONG OF THE SEA.

THE song of the sea was an ancient song
In the days when the earth was young:
The waves were gossiping loud and long
Ere mortals had found a tongue;
The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
Or soothed to a siren strain,
As they tossed the primitive isles among,
Or slept in the open main.
Such was the song and its changes free,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone
In the days of the coming of man;
A mournfuler meaning swelled her moan,
And fiercer her riots ran:
Because that her stately voice began
To speak of our human woes;
With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion-throes.
Such was the song as it grew to be,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
As the human years unrolled;
For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and drowned,
Or choked with a shipwreck's gold:
Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
So sorry a story said
As the midnight cry of the waters old
Calling above their dead.
Such is the song and its threnody,
Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life:
It is grave and great as the judgment-day,
It is torn with the thought of strife:
Yet under the stars it is smooth, and rife
With love-lights everywhere,
When the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery,
Such is the song of the sea.

RICHARD E. BURTON.

GENERAL STEWART VAN VLIET.

THE subject of M. RENOUARD's sketch, General STEWART VAN VLIET, is one of the oldest of our retired army officers, and one of the best known club men in the country. In his youth he was an active and promising officer of artillery, the contemporary of SHERMAN, THOMAS, and MEADE. In the war of the rebellion he was one of the most efficient of quartermasters. During all his manhood, in camp, in garrison, and in cities, he has been an interesting companion, a viveur, gourmet, good fellow.

He is known to the clubs from one end of the country to the other. He is a daily frequenter of the Metropolitan Club when he is in Washington, where he lives in one of a row of big houses on Fifteenth Street. Not many years ago the occupants of the other houses were FERNANDO WOOD, Governor SWAN, of Maryland, and Mr. BLAINE, while General SHERMAN lived next door. Before Governor SWAN came, CALEB CUSHING was his neighbor. At present the General's house stands alone as a private residence. A popular restaurant has absorbed the other houses of the row. When General VAN VLIET comes North he lives at a beautiful place on the Shrewsbury River. In New York he is a member of the Union Club, and, being a Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers, he is on the roll of members of the St. Nicholas Society and Club, and the Holland Society. He heartily loves the good things of the world, and, above all, the society of jovial fellows. What he wants and will have is entertainment and amusement.

The General is entitled to his cakes and ale. He has won his old age of leisure by hard service in the field and on the frontier. For more than thirty years he did his task bravely, and who is there who will now begrudge him his well-earned repose?

It was in 1840 that General VAN VLIET was graduated at the West Point Military Academy. He was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Third Artillery, the regiment in which SHERMAN served. He went at once into the field, for the Florida war was then in progress. It was a small war, but a hard one. The officers fought with their men, with muskets and in private's uniforms, for shoulder-straps in a fight with the Seminoles brought death to him who had the temerity to wear them. General VAN VLIET himself had a hand-to-hand conflict with a Seminole, and fortunately killed his enemy. From 1842 to 1846 he was stationed at nearly every fort in the South, and at some in the North.

When the Mexican war broke out he went once more to the front, and fought to the end. He was in command of his battery at Monterey, and it was to him that AMPUDIA sent a flag of truce when he determined that surrender was inevitable.

In 1847 he was made an Assistant-Quartermaster, with the rank of Captain, and was on duty with the Missouri Mounted Volunteers, who protected the Oregon route until 1851. While he was in the West he built Forts Kearny and Laramie. The General was a great hunter in those days, and because of the buffalo and elk that fell before him he regards his years on the plains as the pleasantest of his service.

He was the Quartermaster of General SIDNEY JOHNSTON's army when it made war upon the Mormons, and the skill with which he fitted it out led to his selection by McCLELLAN as the Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac in 1861. On the former occasion General VAN VLIET made the quickest journey to Utah that had then been made.

His service reached its culmination when he prepared McCLELLAN's army for the Peninsula campaign. A picture hangs in his library in Washington representing that commander and some of his staff, among whom is General VAN VLIET. His hair and whiskers, worn as they are to-day, were as white then as they are now, although he was a young man twenty-eight years ago. The figure of the VAN VLIET of that day, however, was alert and vigorous, and one looking at the picture can well imagine him capable of performing the great task that devolved upon him. His active service in the field terminated with McCLELLAN's downfall. Afterward he was stationed at New York and Philadelphia. He was also acting Quartermaster-General for a time. He was retired as a Colonel, but he won a brevet Major-Generalship of Volunteers, and a brevet Brigadier-Generalship in the Regular service.

Now that his well-done task is finished, he is a cheerful, sunny man—a retired officer who does not grumble at the War Department, and a club man who has no fault to find with the house committee.

ARTHUR C. MELETTE.

ARTHUR C. MELETTE, who has been appointed by President HARRISON to be Governor of the Territory of Dakota, is a native of Indiana, having been born in Henry County in 1842. He served for a time as a private in the Ninth Indiana Regiment, but appears as a graduate of the State University at Bloomington in 1864. He continued his studies at the law school of the same institution, and on admission to the bar settled down to practise at Muncie, where he also became the publisher of a Republican newspaper. He was elected District Attorney of his county in 1868, and afterward served in the Indiana Legislature. In 1878 he removed to Watertown, Dakota, where he continued to practise as a lawyer, but engaged also in various industrial enterprises. He took an active part in Territorial politics, and especially in the agitation for the division of the Territory, and its admission into the Union as two States. He was a member of the Sioux Falls Convention of 1883 which framed a Constitution for the State of South Dakota, and under that Constitution, after its ratification by the people, was chosen to be Governor of the new State in case it was admitted to the Union. As Governor of the Territory he will take the initiative in carrying out the recent act of Congress for the admission of Dakota as two States, and is likely to be the first Governor of South Dakota.

ALBERT G. PORTER.

ALBERT G. PORTER, who has been appointed American Minister to Italy, to succeed the Hon. JOHN B. STALLO, of Ohio, was born at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, April 20, 1824. His early education was acquired in the schools of his native State, and he was graduated at Asbury University in 1843. He immediately took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1845. He removed to Indianapolis to pursue the practice of his profession, and there became a member of the City Council, and afterward Corporation Attorney for the city. He made rapid progress at the bar, and in 1853 received the appointment of Reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana. He published five volumes of reports of the decisions of that tribunal. In 1858 he was elected a member of Congress, taking his seat in the House of Representatives in December, 1859, where he served two terms. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee and the Committee on Manufactures, and was better known for his faithful and efficient work on the committees than for any special brilliancy or power in debate. After his service in Congress Mr. PORTER returned to his legal practice at Indianapolis, but continued to take a more or less prominent part in politics. In 1876 he was a candidate for Presidential Elector on the HAYES ticket. He was appointed First Comptroller of the Treasury in March, 1878, in place of ROBERT W. TAYLOR, deceased. He continued in this position until, in the fall of 1880, he was elected Governor of Indiana over LANDERS, Democrat, by a majority of about 7000. His term of office was four years from January 1, 1881, and his administration was exceptionally popular. At its close he returned to his law practice, and also engaged in the preparation of a *History of the State of Indiana*, which has not yet appeared. Last fall Mr. PORTER was strongly urged by the Republicans of Indiana to take the nomination for the office of Governor again. One of the reasons given was that his popularity would help the party in the Presidential canvass, the result of which might turn on the vote of Indiana. The ex-Governor was especially popular with the working-men of the State, and some of their organizations used their influence to induce him not to accept the nomination. Whether for this or other reasons, he declined to be a candidate after the State Convention had met and stood ready to nominate him. He had declared in advance that he was not to be a candidate before the Convention, and made it a point of honor to decline, in justice to others who had come forward for the nomination. While ex-Governor PORTER's experience and training have not specially fitted him for diplomatic service, they have revealed solid judgment, a prudent and conservative temper, and unquestionable uprightness of purpose.

A BREATH OF SPRING.

A DASH of warm-breathed, blinding rain, a rush of sunshine through the gloom,
And o'er the silent, drowsy earth the old gray orchards break abloom.

A touch of mystic, hidden power, a silken cover thrilled in twain,
And lo! a winged flame takes flight from where a creeping thing has lain.

Then swift the hills are made aware, of what the valleys knew before—
That Nature's younglings are awake, and Spring is knocking at the door.

LUCY E. TILLEY.

ATHLETICS IN NEW YORK.

THE development of athletic sports in New York in an organized fashion belongs almost entirely to the last twenty years. It was not until 1868 that the New York Club was founded, and at that time the Caledonian Club was the only association here devoted to general athletics. Now their name is legion. Every one of New York's larger suburbs boasts of one or more athletic clubs, and thousands of young men within reach of a radius twenty-five miles long are reaping the benefits of systematic and gregarious exercise.

Of all the organizations existent in this country, however, the two of whose club-houses illustrations are given are the most prominent, by reason both of their numbers and wealth, and the proficiency of their athletes. The membership list of both is full, and applicants are waiting to be elected. Each will have, when the buildings now in course of construction are finished, an elegant and extensive club-house, fitted with all possible apparatus for the development of the muscles, and with all reasonable appliances for the comfort of members. Each will have a fine ground, with an excellent track, lawn-tennis courts, and other conveniences for out-door sports. Each will have a large and comfortable boat-house and a good rowing course.

The present home of the N. Y. A. C. was first occupied in February, 1885. There is no need to describe the outside appearance of the building here, except to say that it is of red brick and terra-cotta. It has a frontage of 76½ feet on Sixth Avenue and 100 feet on Fifty-fifth Street. As it stands furnished it cost about $200,000. There is on it a mortgage of $125,000. In its basement are the bowling-alleys and rifle range. On the ground-floor are the swimming tank, a number of bath-rooms, and rooms for drying and dressing. On the second floor, to which a handsome staircase leads, are a reception-room, parlor, reading-room, restaurant, and billiard and pool rooms. The third floor is devoted almost entirely to lockers, there being over a thousand of them. The gymnasium, sparring-room, fencing-room, and a convenient douche-room and dressing-room, are on the fourth floor. The gymnasium is one of the best in the world. Its light and ventilation could not be improved, and in summer it is one of the coolest places in the city.

The members of the club have now, however, a better place to go in summer, having bought a small island near Glen Island, which they have named, in honor of their long-time president, the late Mr. WILLIAM R. TRAVERS, Travers Island. Here is a good rowing course in still water. Here grounds and a track have been prepared. Here, finally, are now just finishing a fine large summer club-house and a roomy and convenient boat-house.

The Manhattan Athletic Club was organized in the fall of 1877, and legally incorporated on April 1, 1878. At first its roll contained the names of only twenty members. Its first out-door competition, held in the spring of 1878, was held on grounds on Eighth Avenue between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh streets, and the spectators sat on chairs hired for the occasion. The success of this competition, the excellence of the new track, and the energy of those already members of the club soon brought its membership list up into the hundreds. In 1883 their present grounds were secured, the block bounded by Eighth and Ninth avenues and Eighty-sixth and Eighty-seventh streets.

The Manhattan Club, though rich in members and in fame, had no club-house until November, 1886, when the residence No. 524 Fifth Avenue was secured and turned into a very good one for social purposes. But the members could not of course be satisfied unless they were as well housed as their great rivals; so the plot of ground at Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue was secured, and there is now going up the splendid building which is to be the club's future home. The lot is about 125 feet square, and the building is so constructed that the gymnasium will be 100 by 110 feet—one of the largest in the world. The arrangement of the building will be necessarily very like that of the other club-house—on the lower floors bowling-alleys, rifle range, baths, and swimming tank; on the first floor, the parlor, reception-room, billiard-rooms, and restaurant; on the third floor, the gymnasium, reaching to the top. New features are the roof garden, like that of the Casino, and the concert-room or theatre on the second floor. The building will be fire-proof, and elegantly finished and furnished throughout. The estimated total cost is about $600,000.

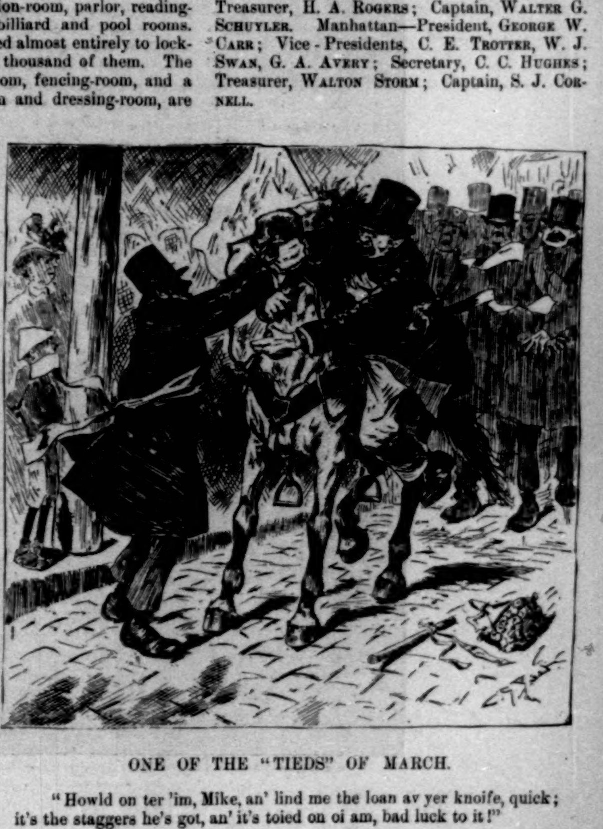
The boat-house of the club is on the Harlem River.

Some idea of the variety of exercise these clubs offer to their members may be had from a bare catalogue. Provision is made in them in-doors for swimming, bathing, bowling, shooting, billiards, pool, boxing, fencing—all kinds of gymnastic exercise; and out-doors, for running, walking, jumping, vaulting, throwing, putting the shot, foot-ball, base-ball, lawn-tennis, boating, and skating.

There is at present a bitter feud between these two clubs, which unfortunately shows no signs of abating. Each club has formed an association with other clubs, the Manhattan's being the National American Association of Amateur Athletes, or "N four A's," as it is usually called, and the New York's being the Amateur Athletic Union, which debars from its competitions all persons who have taken part in "events" given by the N. A. A. A. A. This unfortunate quarrel has involved most of the athletic clubs in the country, and has created a great deal of unpleasant feeling, which—it seems to an outsider—might have been avoided.

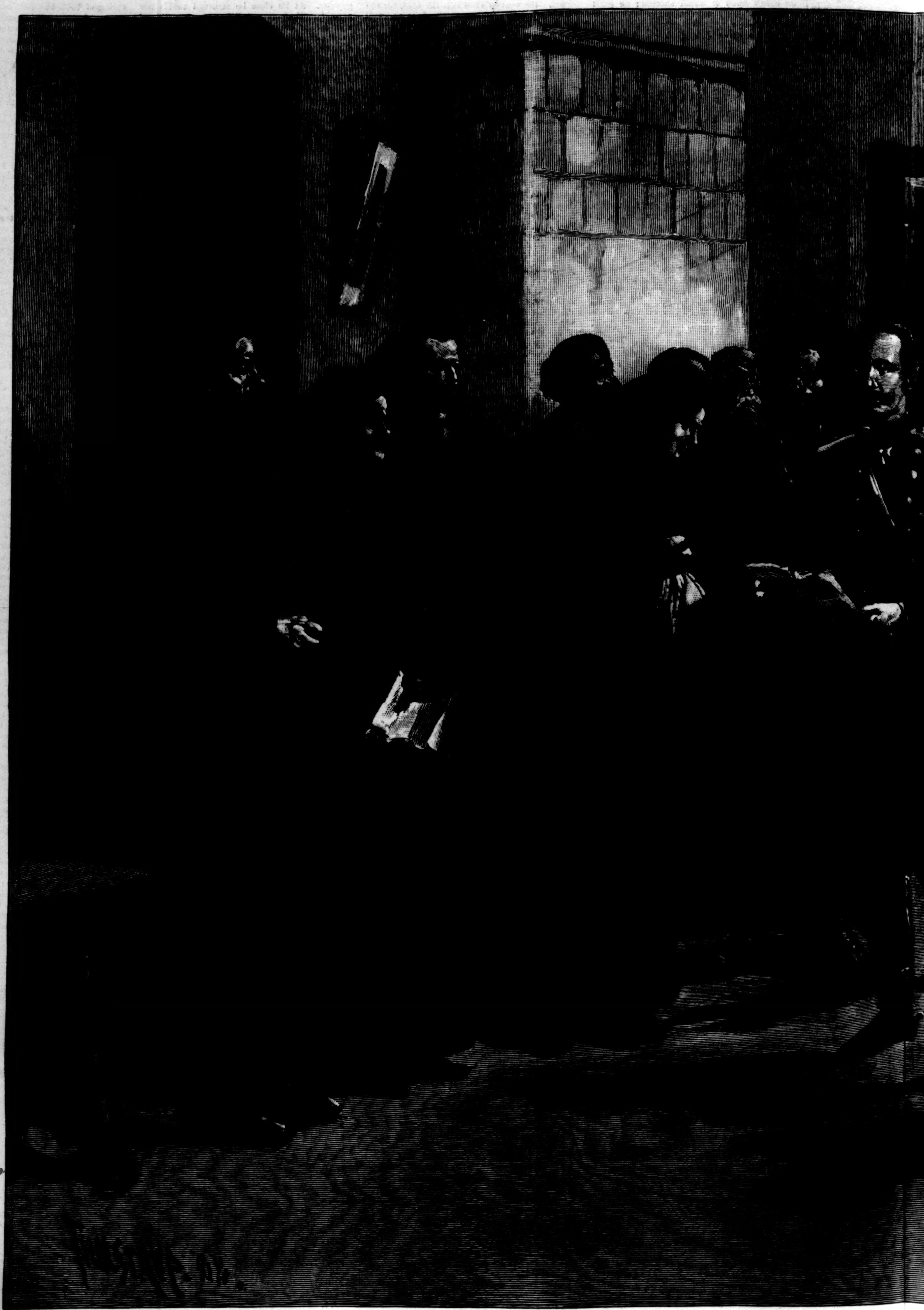
For the past four years the New York Club has had a great advantage over its rival in the possession of its house. It wisely engaged Mr. GEORGE GOLDIE, long of Princeton College, as its director of athletics. Under his judicious prescription novices are trained with the apparatus best suited to them, and they run no danger of injury from excess. On this account it is one of the best possible gymnasiums for the average man, who does not care to break any records, but simply desires to keep himself in good physical condition by systematic exercise. Doubtless the Manhattan Club will have a competent director in its new building who will attend to this matter properly.

It would not do to close without saying a word about the club emblems. That of the N. Y. A. C. is a winged foot; that of the Manhattan a cherry-colored diamond, with the ends of the four sides lapping. The principal officers of the two clubs are: New York—President, A. V. DE GOICOURIA; Vice-President, J. S. COX; Secretary, OTTO RUHL; Treasurer, H. A. ROGERS; Captain, WALTER G. SCHUYLER. Manhattan—President, GEORGE W. CARR; Vice-Presidents, C. E. TROTTER, W. J. SWAN, G. A. AVERY; Secretary, C. C. HUGHES; Treasurer, WALTON STORM; Captain, S. J. CORNELL.



ONE OF THE "TIEDS" OF MARCH.

"Howld on ter 'im, Mike, an' lind me the loan av yer knoife, quick; it's the staggers he's got, an' it's toied on oi am, bad luck to it!"



THE POLICE GENERAL'S MORNING RECEPTION AT ST. I

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PETERSBURG.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 226.]

THE POLICE GENERAL'S MORNING RECEPTION AT ST. PETERSBURG.

The traveller in Russia inevitably has to do with the police. In every town where he stays a night he must report himself to the local police and give up his passport, which is returned to him with the addition of strange inscriptions and polychrome stamps, for which he of course has to pay. It is, however, only on leaving the empire and for obtaining a permission of *exeat* that the traveller need present himself in person at the police office; the mere passport business is done by the hotel porters. Why, then, did we find ourselves one morning hunting for the head-quarters of the Petersburg police in a street near the great Isaac Cathedral? I have now but a vague souvenir. In travelling it is well to make an effort to forget all that is disagreeable and all the formalities and red-tape annoyances which may have caused one to lose sunny mornings waiting in bare anterooms. We had been, I remember, charmingly received by all the authorities at the Foreign Office; we had been given wonderful documents which we were unable to read, but the very sight of which brought ordinary people to their knees; still there was something wanting to make our happiness complete, and to render our liberty of action as absolute as we could desire. For this purpose we needed a document from the Petersburg police, and so between ten and eleven one morning we discovered the entrance of the offices, situated in an ordinary house, of which the ground-floor windows only are barred.

We walked in, and found a number of mild-eyed policemen ready to oblige us. Really the Russians are phenomenally obliging and suave, toward foreigners at least. Through many bare and cleanly whitewashed passages filled with pale and sad lights we passed, and then mounted a flight of stairs, at the head of which was the lofty room where the Police General received. To the right was a tall window; in the corner to the left a monumental porcelain stove; near the window a desk, and a clerk sitting on a high stool; to the left of the desk a door leading into the Police General's private office; and, as one reads in the *mise en scène* of a play, "two other doors, a bench, two chairs, and on the wall a portrait of the Czar."

There were several people waiting when we arrived. A big and ferocious-looking official, with heavy mustaches, medals on his breast and round his neck, military epaulets on his shoulders, and a generally martial air, received the visitors, inquired what was their business, and bade them wait or dismissed them. But those who waited might not sit down, for the military Police General, the Grand Master of the Petersburg police, had entered the room, and with him the civil Police General, the latter an amiable and smiling gentleman with diplomatic whiskers and a skewerful of decorations on his dress-coat. The Police General, very tall, slender, and grave in mien, with his two subordinates standing behind him, listens to each one in turn, while the others stand round the room silent and respectful, great and small, rich and humble, all more or less equal before this man, whose power over liberty and even over life is terribly unlimited. The scene was interesting on account of the novelty of the place, of the strong character of the types, the *chic* of the uniforms, bearing and manners of the officials, the variety of the persons present, the mystery of the conversation which we did not understand, but which we felt instinctively to be grave and perhaps tragic. We were particularly struck by one well-dressed woman in mourning, who with a peculiarly winning voice and feline grace of movements and gestures presented a petition of some kind to the Police General while we were waiting. The General seemed embarrassed; the lady pleaded volubly; her handkerchief wiped away from time to time a discreet tear; her black cloak and her black veil thrown back over her head set off the contrasting whiteness of her pale and delicate face. Such is the scene which M. de Thulstrup has admirably depicted.

In the midst of her pleading, the other Police General took charge of us, and led us to another part of the building, where he gave us all we asked, and entreated us most courteously. So we were about to go on our way rejoicing, but the lobby leading to the street was all in confusion: heart-rending cries and convulsive sobs interspersed with words of despair and of supplication reached our ears; a woman in black was leaning against the wall; stalwart and kindly policemen were vainly trying to persuade her by words and gentle violence to go; from adjoining rooms curious and sympathetic faces peered out to see what was going on. But the poor woman continued to sob and plead, and finally fell to the ground shrieking hysterically. This woman was the lady whom we had left pleading with the Police General. Her petition had been refused. Her life was broken. Siberia had irrevocably claimed all that she loved.

THE HERRING INDUSTRY. EASTPORT, MAINE.

American art was not the only thing which received an impetus at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. It became evident that we had to learn a great deal about the food preparations derivable from France, Norway, Sweden, and even Spain. Fish products in endless variety, all excellent, made no inconsiderable portion of the foreign exhibits. It might take years of labor before we could rival the Sèvres porcelain, but there could not be any such trouble in regard to the preparation of sardines. As there always has been a great deal of enterprise in New England, it struck those interested in fishery products that there were ways of preparing herring other than simply salting or smoking them, and at once, copying in a certain measure the Scandinavian fashion, a new industry had its birth in Maine.

The centre of the canning of herrings is found at Eastport, Maine, and here at certain seasons a very large business is done. The herring are caught in vast quantities by means of seines, and the smacks bring the fish into port. In the illustration the print No. 5 gives the character of the vessels employed. As herrings are perishable, quick-sailing vessels are necessary, so as to hurry the catch into port. A considerable portion of the catch is put in barrels for convenience in handling. As soon as the fish are landed they are at once dumped on long tables, where they are picked and cleaned. If the fish are for canning, pains are taken that all the herring shall be of a size. There are particular seasons when the young herring run, and these are best adapted for canning. Hands become very expert, and a great number of fish can be picked and cleaned in the briefest period of time. Sometimes mechanical adjuncts of a simple kind are used to take off the scales and fins. In the sketches No. 1 and No. 2 the hands are preparing mackerel.

The canning-room is shown on the upper right-hand corner of the illustrated page. In some of the largest of these establishments, when fish are plenty, hundreds of women are employed. There is no mechanical process yet invented which will fill the tins, and so fingers must be used. In France, sardine cans are packed so close with fish that not another one can be put in. The reason for this is not because the French canner is a generous man, but for the good reason that olive oil is worth more than the sardines. In Eastport factories the greatest cleanliness is used, and the rooms are constantly washed down. As fast as the fish have been cleaned and gutted they are brought into the canning-rooms. In some canneries the fish are first thoroughly cooked before being put into the tins; then the cans are warmed anew and soldered. Certain factories cook the product directly in the tins. It requires a great deal of skill to give the herring their proper flavorings. If there is the least blunder in the mechanical part of the work, the spoiling of the product is the result, as immediate decomposition takes place. A great many herrings are smoked at Eastport, and following the methods employed for cod, boneless herrings are made. These are put on the market in glass boxes. There are, however, some ways of putting up the herring which England seems to have the secret of. We have not yet succeeded in converting American smoked herring into the Yarmouth bloater. Off the coast of California the *Clupea sagax* is found, and this is the true European sardine. So far, no advantage has been taken of the sardine in American waters, but in the time to come, when the olive-tree shall become more plentiful in California, the sardine will find its proper accompaniment, which is olive oil, and not cotton-seed oil.

Herring enter very largely into human consumption, though to a less degree in the United States than in other countries. As nearly as can be estimated, 43,000,000 of pounds of herring are taken off the North American coast. The aggregate catch in European waters is 250,000,000 pounds.

WHY THEY SHUT DOWN AT THE HIGUERITA.

BY JOHN HEARD, JUN.

II.

When they returned to the mine a few days later with the guns, the works of defence were being pushed night and day with the utmost energy. All the mill and mine work proper had been stopped; on the surface they were erecting rude revolving turrets of wood, the armor of which had been put together with pieces of the sectional settling pans bolted to one another. The first of these was placed on the Higuerita crest, and commanded the old shaft, the road to Promontorios, and the pass at the top of the Ranchito Cañada, beyond which the inaccessible Frailes barred the way. The second had been mounted on the stone office, and raked the mine plateau, the Libertad hill, and the Rochin valley from the vertical wall, 400 feet high of the Nacacharamba on the left, to the Minas Nuevas road on the right. So long as these positions were held, the Indians could only pass on to Alamos after defeating the troops camped in the Minas Nuevas plain. As a further precaution a large quantity of dynamite had been secreted in a drift near the mouth of the old shaft, and this could be fired by electricity from either of the Monitor turrets. Similar dispositions had been made at the mill in Aduana.

Below-ground all the work was concentrated on driving through the few feet which still remained to connect different portions of the great drain tunnel that opened into the mill yard. In the headings, where hitherto they had only been able to handle two drills, the men had now managed to put three, and, doubled up on low temporary platforms, they worked with desperate energy as many hours as they could endure it, when the next shift went on at once. It was indeed a scene from the "Inferno." The heat was intense, and in the dim light of the spluttering candles the drill-men, naked to the waist, looked like ghostly demons in an atmosphere of vapor. Silent themselves and watchful, with feverish eyes and pale drawn features, they controlled the thunder of the pounding-machines, while their dark Mexican helpers, crouching in the shadow below them, watched every movement, every sign, ready to hand up the water, the swab, or a fresh drill. Behind these again a group of Indian boys, entirely naked, threw the loose dirt and rock to others further on, who loaded the cars; their heavy black hair and glittering eyes, their smooth dark skin shining in the damp atmosphere like polished bronze, their wild yells of encouragement or chaff, and their grotesque contortions as they slipped, fell, and jumped back and forth, all made them seem like writhing demons. And here, a thousand feet below-ground, the reverberating rumble of the rock cars, the sharp, short *t'chah, t'chah*, of the escaping air, the drumming of the drills against the rock, and the pungent, irritating odor of the dynamite fumes, impressed even those accustomed to the "dead sounds" of underground work, and suggested disquieting reminiscences of nightmares or worse. Suddenly it would all cease; for a space the lights were hidden by the men's bodies; a gust of short, angry commands, oaths, and cries, in English, Spanish, or Indian, swept down the drift; a train of loaded cars, followed by the panting men, who stumbled over the stones and rough-laid sleepers, rolled along into the darkness beyond; the gong sounded three times, and all became silent as a tomb. Then a broad flash of reddish flame lighted up the walls; the ground gave a premonitory heave, and with a dull, lingering report a hurricane of stone and rock crashed through the dark tunnel, bounding off the rough surfaces of the walls, and re-echoed far beyond through the deserted workings. Then again all was still until the rushing of the compressed air broke the silence, whistling through the pile of loose "dirt" or flurrying against the breast, and one of the old hands tottered through the red smoke, shielding his candle in the palm of his hand.

"Hepa! Heee-paaah! Hulloa! Come along!" And a few minutes later the men were at work again, sweating, swearing, yelling, and panting, and the heavy drills were thundering at their target.

At last all was ready. The men had become accustomed to their new life, and longed for the Indians to appear. Armed to the teeth, they lounged listlessly around the camp, or through their glasses watched the village of Promontorios, the destruction of which would warn them that the enemy was approaching. Scouts had been sent out, and daily some one or other of them would return and report on the advance of the Indians, some four thousand men, fairly well armed, and bent on destruction.

The idea of attempting to stem the march of so large a body of men with the forces at his command—thirty-seven white men at the mine and sixteen at the mill—seemed to Holt no less ludicrous than it was heroic; but heroism is apt to appear ludicrous *ante factum*. To the men, however, whose experience in such matters was small, and whose contempt for the Indians was instinctive and supreme, it seemed sufficient to have made up their minds on this matter for the result to be a foregone conclusion. Mr. Tracy was too busy to have any leisure for reflection, and the eventual result of his venture was not a ripe subject for consideration. The next thing to do was to hold the mine; when he had done that, it would be time to go on with the next problem, whatever that might be. Krisch was good-naturedly hopeful, but curiosity was at present the controlling factor in his mind. He had never seen a fight of any description, he had never seen the machine-guns work, he had never stood a siege, and he was mildly excited at being initiated into all these mysteries at once. Lohse, who had once been corralled by the Apaches in Arizona, was probably the only man who fully appreciated the gravity of the situation, and he deemed it wise to keep his reflections to himself. So that perhaps as fearless a force of men as the Higuerita miners had rarely before awaited the attack of an overwhelmingly superior foe.

One Sunday morning the lookout on the upper turret reported firing in the neighborhood of Promontorios, and not long after slender spirals of smoke, fanned upward by the swaying flames, proclaimed that the village had been taken. A few hours more and probably their turn would come. There was not a man in the camp who at the thought did not feel a hard lump in his throat and an accelerated beating of his heart; but such confessions did not seem to be popular, and Krisch alone was simple-minded enough to tell Holt that a *status quo* would be more satisfactory than he had anticipated. It was perhaps fortunate that the men had little leisure to dwell on the horrible side of possible eventualities, for in such moments panics are rumor-born even among the bravest, and this positive evidence of the existence of a foe whom they had hitherto looked upon as more or less imaginary might have produced serious results. When excited, however, men pass naturally from one extreme to the other. So when Polycarpio, one of the Indian scouts, came in and reported the atrocities committed at Promontorios, every vestige of fear vanished before a wild, irrational desire to murder every man of them, to "get at 'em and polish off the devils as soon as possible."

The Indians had attacked the village at dawn. In less than an hour the few Mexican troops had been surrounded, and all killed or captured. The children were thrown alive into the wells or on to the burning houses, and a little later the fainting women, with broken arms and bleeding breasts, were flung over the wall and into the arroyo. When the President and Vice-President of the pueblo had been set aside, the remaining prisoners were stripped naked and led to the plaza, on which a layer of the savage prickly-pear boughs had been spread. The skin was then torn from the soles of their feet, and the bleeding wretches made to dance on the spiked *tunas* until they fell exhausted on the bloody carpet. Even then the monsters whipped them with long snake-shaped branches of cactus, and forced the quivering limbs to make a few more spasmodic contractions before they stiffened in death. A few of the principal citizens, lashed to powder kegs, were set up as a mark and shot at until all were gone. Then the President and his second, each tied to a plank, were carried out and placed under the ends of a seesaw in such a way that the cross-board would strike their heads gently at each oscillation, and three of the Yaquis slowly danced the life out of them, while the now half-drunken, blood-thirsty crowd yelled for more. Alas! there were no more; and with their machetes they threw themselves upon the mangled bodies, and hacked this bleeding mass of humanity into a horrible, shapeless pulp.

The miners listened to this ghastly tale in silence. Slow as most of them were to accept the forms or dogmas of religion, it seemed to them that God—for at bottom all men who wrestle with nature in abnormal conditions believe in God—could not allow such atrocities to pass unpunished, unavenged. There was no swearing, and but little talking; the minutes were passing, and the hour of action was about to strike.

When the word came that the Indians were advancing, the crest of the Higuerita was deserted, and every man at his post. In the upper tower, where Jack Corbis kneeled behind his gun, Mr. Tracy, Holt, and Krisch stood together at the narrow port-holes covered with painted wire-cloth, through which they watched the enemy, who was beginning to show himself cautiously. Nothing moved on the apparently abandoned plateau of the mine, but the iron turrets noiselessly and imperceptibly turned on their axes so as to cover the heaviest body of the Indians, now emerging from the thickets on all sides of the hill, which they had surrounded. At first they seemed suspicious at this absolute desertion, and waited for their chiefs, who ordered a volley to be fired tentatively at the turrets.

Zip—zip-zwang-t'n! Krisch turned to follow the sound round the iron box in which they were, and asked in a whisper:

"You, Dscheck, what was then that?" Then espying the ragged chunk of lead on the floor, he picked it up, and holding it with unfeigned wonder between his fingers, he added solemnly, in English, for he attempted English when he was excited, "It was an ball!"

A smile went round at this simple-minded remark, but quickly vanished as Mr. Tracy, with one hand on the signal click and the other on the flag rope, called out: "Silence and attention now, Jack. They are coming. Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir—ready!" the man answered.

No shot had been fired in answer to their volley, and the Indians were approaching boldly. There was something awful in the unsuspecting advance of all this "cannon meat," something that, in spite of its horror, reassured the superstitious, who saw in it the hand of Providence leading the criminals up to their punishment.

"Now, Jack, ready—fire!"

Twice the turret revolved completely, and Jack turned his crank viciously. They could hear or see nothing, for the iron box was surrounded by a cloud of smoke, and the rattling of the gun completely drowned all other sounds. But the moment that preceded that in which they regained their hearing was a painful one; the next still more so. For before the intoxication of powder and blood has frenzied the mind even the most hardened are appalled at the silence of their victim, at the sudden cessation of that life which they have extinguished. The species of remorse which men acting together are apt to feel collectively becomes personal at the victim's cry of reproach, which each actor in the drama immediately feels is meant for him alone. Where a dozen soldiers have shot a man it is safe to say that each one would indignantly repudiate the deed; yet if the shots had failed to take fatal effect, every man of those twelve would involuntarily accuse himself of cruelty as if he alone were responsible, just as in his worse moments he would boast of having killed a man.

The smoke lifted at last, and disclosed the vast number of dead and dying that lay on the ground around them, and as the piteous cries of the wounded and the frightened howls of the fugitives reached their ears, the men felt awed by the magnitude of the deed they had done. A long silence followed, and when Corbis, with an effort of jocularity, cried out, "Ky-ee-eye! Billy Long, the corpse-furnisher down to Portsmouth, 'd 'a given me a hundred dollars for that job," although no one smiled, all felt relieved. A moment later a rifle cracked in one of the embrasures, and an Indian, who was but slightly wounded, and had risen to run, dropped dead. Mechanically at first a few of the men followed this example, picking off every Yaqui who moved, and little by little the natural blood-thirstiness of the man animal asserted itself: even the dead bodies were killed over again. "The —— black devils might be shammin', after all!"

Later the bodies were picked up, and with a few barrels of lime cast all together into an old shaft near the Cohuache outcrop; the remaining space was then filled in with rock from the dump, and a cross bearing the following tar-painted inscription placed above it:

HEAR LAYS
THE BODIS
OF 463
INDJEEANS, JAKKIS AND MYOES
KILT HEAR JULIE 12, 18—.

When the ground had been cleared, the men separated, and Holt went down with Krisch to the lower turret, where they spent the night. The next morning they were awakened early by an explosion that shook the whole hill, and as they rushed to the window they saw above the dense crown of smoke that hid from view the old shaft and the upper turret, strange things that looked like fragments of human bodies, amid twisted machinery and shattered rocks. Two of the miners were running at full speed down the path toward them, and from these they learned the details of the disaster.

After the butchery of the preceding day the scout Polycarpio had remembered that he was a Yaqui, and after sending word to the Indian camp, he had murdered Jack Corbis as he lay asleep beside his gun. He was present when the gun was mounted, and had learned to take it to pieces; in the morning some of the most important parts were found missing. Mr. Tracy had awakened just in time to save Rapsey, over whom the Indian was bending with a machete in his hand; after giving the alarm, and on discovering that all the wires had been cut, he summoned the men and sent them at once down the old shaft to try and bring up the third gun, which was standing ready mounted in the patio of the hacienda. These two miners had remained with him, and they were all three at work taking the useless gun down when the Indians began to show themselves in the cactus bush around the old powder-house. Without manifesting any signs of alarm, Mr. Tracy had told them that he was going down the shaft to set off the dynamite stored there as soon as a large number of Indians had collected and begun to descend. They were to wait and, during the temporary demoralization of the Indians by the explosion, to break through and tell Holt to hold out until he could rescue him. A large number of Indians must have been killed, for the whole top of the mountain seemed to have caved in.

This information fell upon Holt like the blow of a sledge. That Tracy was dead there could be not the slightest doubt, and the chances of being liberated were not worth considering. The men at the mill, hearing the explosion and receiving no news from the mine, would naturally conclude that all had perished. There was now no communication between the two through the underground workings, and as the surface was in the hands of the Indians, it would be impossible for them to cut their way through. He determined, however, to bear the burden of this knowledge alone. It would only dishearten the men to reveal the truth; and even now some unlooked-for accident might happen in time to save them. He counted them over, and found that altogether, besides himself and Krisch, they were but five and the girl Masima. This was sufficient for a night and a day shift, and with the provisions and ammunition on hand they might hold out some time. Before this he had felt somewhat uncertain as to his behavior in action; but now, as he reflected that New England blood was at its best when all seemed lost, it gratified him to remember that he was born in Salem of good old stock that had done its duty in '76, in 1812, and later when the stripes of the glorious young flag that flapped on the pole above him were to have been barred. Pluck thus became a duty, and in the fulfilment of a duty his New England conscience, that most ineradicable of Yankee traits, would be sure to stand him in good stead. Yet, notwithstanding these comforting reassurances, he could not forget that the balance of chances was unequivocally against him, and that the application to his case of any equation of probabilities which he could remember would have fixed his annual premium at about ten times the insurance.

While he was making an inventory of the stock on hand—provisions and ammunition—it occurred to him that as the quantities were very small, the bulk of these must have been stored on the upper level. Whatever had been left by the explosion would naturally fall into the hands of the Indians if not secured at once. He called the men together, explained the situation, and proposed that they draw lots among themselves to determine who should accompany him. Krisch refused to be left behind, so after shaking hands all round rather solemnly—for since the events of the preceding day the men manifested a growing tendency to consider present actions as possibly final—the four started cautiously on their journey, and at the end of an hour of slow crawling on hands and knees reached one of the abandoned adobe huts from which they could see the shaft mouth.

Of the most prosperous part of the camp nothing remained but a shattered and picturesque ruin. With a certain natural sense of fitness, the fragments of the monument which Tracy had erected had fallen back together over his grave into a pyramid of sufficient magnitude to disdain any explanatory inscription, and near this pile stood a group of some fifty Indians, gazing awe-stricken and silent at this terrible evidence of the white man's power, greater even to destroy than to build. The presence of such a large body of the foe of course put a stop to any further operations of the foraging party, and they turned to go back to the Libertad. Suddenly a shot fell, and Dalmasio, an Italian, who was walking next to Holt, stumbled and dropped. They were not more than two hundred yards from the fort, and their first unconscious impulse was to dash forward out of reach of the bullets that had begun to whistle and patter around them; their first conscious impulse sent them back to their fallen comrade, whom Krisch threw over his shoulders, while the other two attacked the pursuers.

After the first blows all hesitation, all scruples, vanished, and an intense thirst for blood, a savage desire to slash and kill that amounted nearly to a frenzy, seized upon these two men, who threw themselves recklessly on the black flesh before them. The wounds inflicted by their weapons were not sufficiently deep, above all not sufficiently bloody; the flash of the powder must singe the skin of their adversaries or the shot did not satisfy them; and at last Oldham, who in other circumstances had always been thought a mild, harmless Pennsylvanian, moved by a sudden fury to bite or scratch, cast his arms away, and rushed on the naked savages like a mad dog. Little by little he was drawn away from Holt; a heavy blow from one of the machetes struck him on the head, nearly stunning him, and still fighting he fell on his knees. For a few moments his superior strength kept the Indians off; the sleeves of his shirt were nearly hacked away, and beneath the reddening clinging cloth little streams of blood ran down his arms and between his fingers; his hands began to slip off the smooth skin of the Mayos, his blows grew weaker and more wild, and at last with a little sigh he sank back. Then one of the Indians seized him by the hair and pulled at it with all his strength, while another hacked at his throat, striking him now on the chin, now on the shoulder, in his blind fury, and a third, leaning with all his weight on the machete, drove the dull blade through his ribs, and twisted it with a horrible gurgling, crunching noise.

"Come back, Jack; for God's sake come back, man! They are all advancing, and we've got them covered."

How he got back, Holt never remembered. Whichever way he turned he could see nothing but the bleeding body of his comrade and the faces of his slayers gleaming with fiendish ferocity. The idea of revenge was the only one of which he was conscious, his sole preoccupation was to kill, and thrusting Clarke aside, he pointed the gun and worked it himself for a few moments, scarcely realizing what he was doing. Yet so great is the force of habit that to his companions he appeared as self-possessed as usual. They were amazed at his coolness, tacitly recognized that he was really their captain, and spoke to him with a certain involuntary deference. When the gun ceased to be effective, Holt had it drawn back, and stood before the port-hole picking off any Indian within range, and exposing himself recklessly to their fire. Several bullets entered the opening, but without touching him, as if the leaden messengers themselves recognized in bravery an armor more impenetrable than iron or stone.

By degrees, however, the fever left him, and a great lassitude both physical and mental overcame him. He turned from the window and looked into the room; crouched on the floor at his feet, Masima was holding the rifle she had just loaded; though he had not noticed her before, she had sat there hour after hour patiently wiping and reloading the arms which the men handed down to her. Without speaking she looked up into her master's face, and it had a gratefully soothing effect upon him; it was the first kind look he had seen that day, and it took him far away from the bloody scenes outside; at that moment it seemed strange that any one should care for him, and he was deeply moved at the thought, which then for the first time suggested itself, that she alone of all the women had remained behind.

"*Pobrecita!*" he said, laying his hand gently on her head, "you are alone? Where is the grandmother?"

"*Quien sabe*, Don Juan! She went away with all the women some days ago. I would not go."

"And why not?" he asked. The next moment he wished he could recall the question; and when the girl answered, softly, half caressingly, "Do I not belong to you, Don Juanito?" he felt profoundly ashamed of his words. Was it not sufficient that she had remained to share his fate? What need had he to make her say that of which she was as yet unconscious, but which her own spoken words would teach her? At her age she would go to sleep a child and awake a woman. Heigh ho! This was the worst thing he had done that day; and he rose wearily to go into the room below, where they all slept. Dalmasio and Corning were dead, and the two corpses, half covered with a blanket, lay rigid and uncouth-looking, on the brick floor.

"Mr. Holt, please, sir," said Clarke, coming in from the kitchen as he stood staring blankly at those who but a little while ago were standing by his side—"please, sir, old Evans be pretty bad, Mr. Holt. I be thinkin' he want to see you, sir."

Holt sat down on the bed by the wounded old timber-man and waited for him to speak.

"Mr. Holt," he said presently, "be that you?"

"Yes, Ned, old man. Are you badly hurt?"

"I be, Mr. Holt—I be," the man answered, with an effort. "Through the left breast—I was standin' behind ye." Then, after a pause, "Ye'll be writin' to Corn'all soon, Mr. Holt, will ye? There be two quarters' back pay.—Mrs. Edward Ivons—at the Miners' Bank.—Be you still there, Mr. Holt?" he added, anxiously, and staring Jack in the face. "I thought you was gone.—It's nigh on sundown, and a trifle dark without my glasses.—Mr. Holt, how many be left of we?"

"Four, Ned, counting you. We are melting like wax."

The old man's eyes lighted up for a moment, and he gasped with a horrible attempt to smile, "But it be beeswax, Mr. Holt; it sticks." He tried to laugh, but was seized with a violent fit of coughing that brought the blood to his mouth. Mechanically he wiped his lips with the back of his sleeve, and twitched at the cloth of his overalls. "Mrs. Ivons," he muttered again, indistinctly. "Truro, down into Corn'all. Holt 'll do it—Holt—Jack Holt—he be awnest, Holt be.—Two back quarters.—Two year more work here. Go by San Francisco this time.—The second set in the west drift be a 'arf-inch too high.—Ah! be ye talkin' to me?" He breathed stertorously two or three times and half raised his arms weakly. His head dropped with a slight gurgle, and the old man went home to "Corn'all."

During the night they buried them by the dim light of the stars, and the three survivors returned to the fort, which to them had become all the world.

And the dull routine of their prison life began. Day passed after day, and yet no news of the outside world reached them in their silent solitude. The sun shone hotly on the white rocks, the rain came down in torrents, the moon rose and set, and still no tidings came to them. The giant Frailes looked down from their majestic height, calm, beautiful, impassive, but told them nothing. Little plants grew into tall trees, and the hills with tropical haste drew on their velvety mantle of verdure. The days grew to weeks, and still nothing moved in the deserted Higuerita range. Yet little by little they became accustomed to their loneliness, and the danger by which they were surrounded lost some of its reality. An occasional shot warned them of the presence of the Indians in the dense thickets which covered the once bare dumps, and they did not dare to go many steps away from the protecting fort. But one morning Clarke discovered a brace of guinea-hens gravely crossing the path that led to the opposite hill, and as their provisions were becoming rapidly exhausted, he could not resist the temptation to shoot and run out to secure his booty. As he bent over, a second shot sounded in the brush, and he staggered forward with a cry. Holt and Krisch, both unarmed at the moment, ran out unhesitatingly to pick up their comrade, who had now become even more than a friend to them, and as they lifted the inanimate body and recognized that life had fled, something gave way in their hearts; for the first time since their trials began they felt all hope forsake them, and their eyes filled with tears. Suddenly they heard footsteps behind them, and saw two Yaquis brandishing their machetes and coming toward them. They were unarmed, yet, with that dead body between them, neither for a moment thought of flight. A few days more or less—what did it matter? Instinctively each stooped, picked up a stone, and waited. The Indians were only a few yards away: ten seconds more and it would probably be all over. At that moment a wild shriek from the fort caused them to turn; a flash and a little puff of smoke burst from the port-hole, and the foremost Yaqui, shot through the head, stumbled and fell forward against Holt, while the other turned and ran. The men looked at each other and smiled. All was not over yet, then? and with something like a feeling of gladness they returned to the house.

Masima was still watching from the window with the same expression of concentrated ferocity on her little face that had so much astonished Holt a few weeks before. As he entered she put down the rifle, lifted her rebozo, and, with her head thrown back, gazed at him silently with her half-closed eyes. The bud had burst; the child was a child no longer; suddenly the knowledge had come. She trembled slightly, lowered her eyes, and bursting into tears, ran from the room.

The men too had understood. Krisch shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and muttered to himself, "It had must be so"; but Holt was silent. If it had been any other girl, he too would have shrugged his shoulders, smiled perhaps a little more cynically than his friend, and accepted the flower which Nature offered him so frankly. But apart from his personal feelings in this matter, the time and place seemed strangely chosen for trifling. What wild freak was this of Master Cupid to pass through the Indian lines and play his pranks in this house that was so fast becoming a mausoleum?

For the next few days Masima shunned him, and yet with what infinite tenderness she bound his wounds and dressed them! They were mere scratches, and yet had one awkward movement of hers meant death to him, she could not have been more careful or her touch more delicate. When she pronounced his name, which she now did but rarely, her voice softened, and the "Don Juanito" sounded like a caress. Krisch had more than once detected her gazing for long minutes at her master as no woman had ever looked at him; but when they met his, those soft eyes became so hard and cruel that he was startled, and perhaps a little frightened.

Meanwhile the days passed, the provisions disappeared, and still their solitude was unbroken. Above them in the silent blue vault the ragged-winged *chupilotes* sailed smoothly without apparent effort, and cast long sweeping shadow curves over the white plateau, or motionless hung like black dots in the hot quivering air. On the opposite hills the red deer bounded along gracefully far beyond rifle range, and up on the precipitous peaks of the Frailes the wild goats scampered merrily. Velvety tarantulas picked their way cautiously over the stones, and little bobtailed birds shot in at the windows and dashed at the slumbering *alacranes* that basked in the sunlight. Lizards ran in and out with their gracefully curving tails curled up above them, or stopped in the checkered square of light and shadow which the window grating drew on the floor, and looked, silent themselves, at the three silent figures in the room; for the silence that surrounded them had invaded the house and crept into their hearts.

By degrees, yet rapidly, the end was approaching; the last meal had been shared. Both Holt and Krisch were seated in the doorway, careless of the danger to which they were thus exposed, and indeed secretly hoping that some well-aimed bullet might put an end to their misery. Masima was kneeling near them, scraping away from the stone the last crumbs of dough that still adhered to the *metate*, when suddenly a shadow fell across the threshold. A cry, something like a scuffle, and a dull blow, and Masima fell into Holt's arms with her own around his neck, and he held her there fainting. From the soft warm breast that lay against his own the red blood trickled slowly through his open shirt and dropped on to the floor, and the passive little head rolled over on his shoulder. Once she opened her eyes and looked into his with infinite love, until little by little the light died out of them; her lips parted, but she did not speak, and in a last spasm of pain she turned abruptly, thrust her hands upward into his hair, and slowly drew his head down toward her.

The next day, when they had laid her to rest on the hill-side, Holt took Krisch by the hand and told him what he had known from the beginning—that there never had been any hope. "Julius, old man, forgive me for not telling you then," he said, "but I thought I was doing what was best. Will you forgive me now?"

Before the approach of death, men, especially starving men, are apt to be sentimental; their nervous strength is exhausted, and the world, seated securely before its desk at home, should not criticise their words and feelings according to its every-day indifferent standard. So it need not be thought strange that at this moment both these boys had tears in their eyes, or that Krisch embraced his friend and kissed him.

"Dscheck, dear friend," he said, presently, "I too knew it from the first."

The day passed slowly, hour by hour, in the usual solemn sunlit silence. Toward dusk Holt went to his bed and lay down. The buzzing in his ears and a strange inability to finish any thought warned him that he was weakening fast. A sensation of physical numbness gradually overcame him, and he wondered at times whether he was asleep or awake. When Krisch bade him good-night the words did not convey any intelligent meaning to his mind until several minutes later, and then it seemed to him that some one else—some one whom he had not seen for a long time—had spoken them. Mingled with visions of home, recollections of travel and of trivial conversations with chance acquaintances crowded upon him, strangely distinct for a moment, and then, without apparent transition, merging into others totally unconnected with them. It was pitchy dark in the room, yet it suddenly seemed to him to be flooded with sunshine—as on the last day he had passed at home. He saw the large white square house, with its green blinds, its large veranda and shingle roof; in front, the row of magnificent plumed elms cast the lace-work of their shadow on the sunlit road, and in the soft green field beyond, dotted with yellow buttercups, the old sorrel mare on which he had learned to ride was nibbling the tender grass. The butler, old man Kelly, who had played with him when he was a child, showed his full white waistcoat at the dining-room window, and called to Master John that dinner was waiting. The nurse Maggie— It had become dark again, and all were seated together in the little room—grandmother's room, where she had spent the evenings of forty years with the stern-looking old gentleman whose portrait hung over the mantel-piece. From the walls the same large-boned ladies in low-necked dresses, and stout gentlemen in snuff-colored smallclothes, looked down through the narrow red-gold frames just as they did when he was a child in petticoats and curls. The same old china vases, the same curios—Why, who had put the lights out?—What was that pat-pat outside?—only Masima making tortillas. Masima!—she did not hear him.—How sleepy he was! Suddenly he was at home again, standing with his back to the white mantel-piece, with its carved medallions and looped garlands of laurel; he was telling them how they had held the mine and driven off the Indians.—How strange it seemed!—How had he returned home? He could not remember then, but to-morrow it would come back to him, no doubt.—How drowsy he was!—Who was that speaking to him?—Masima again!—Poor little thing, what was to become of her now—*now?*—why had he said *now?*—she had saved his life once long ago—when was it?—he could not remember that either, but Krisch knew all about it; he saw the Indian strike—and that was blood on his shirt—still warm—blood.—What did she want with him?—Yes, yes; he was coming presently. Then he lay back and slept.

At dawn Krisch awoke and turned over. "Du, Dscheck!" He waited a moment, and called again: "You, Dscheck! You are asleep? Dscheck! Poor fellow! he is weary; he sleeps." With an effort he drew the blanket over his head and turned his face to the wall—and all was quiet up at the Higuerita.

Meanwhile a great battle was being fought in the plain of Minas Nuevas, and the Indians were slowly retreating. Morogoqui, the Mayo chief, was dead, and before noon Cajeme with his Yaquis began his march back to the river, unmolested by the Mexican generals, who rightly deemed it a more dangerous undertaking to pursue an Indian force than to fight it. When the issue of the battle was no longer doubtful, Salzevedo, at the head of a hundred and fifty rancheros, took the road to Aduana. He had little hope of finding any of his friends alive, for the surrounding country had for some weeks been in the hands of the enemy, and the columns of smoke which could be seen from head-quarters in town rising above the ruins of ranchos and villages proved how ruthlessly the work of devastation was being pursued. He was therefore greatly surprised on reaching the bend of the arroyo to see the American and Mexican flags still floating above the mill buildings. Lohse rode out to meet him, and in a few words made his report.

"We must go to the mine at once," the Mexican answered, and calling to his brother-in-law, the doctor, to follow with twenty men, he put his mule to a gallop.

As they neared the foot of the dump they stopped a moment and listened eagerly for any sound from above. Lohse shouted the names of his friends, but only the echo of his own voice answered, and with a shake of his head he began the ascent slowly, for now he was in no hurry to learn what he feared was the truth. A few yards further on, where the path turned, he caught sight of the flag hanging limp and motionless from the pole over the office.

"By G—, they've held it!" he cried, slapping his thigh and driving the spurs into his mule. "Come along, boys. Hullo, Krisch! Holt! Jack! we are coming! Get up there, you brute! *auda! auda!*"

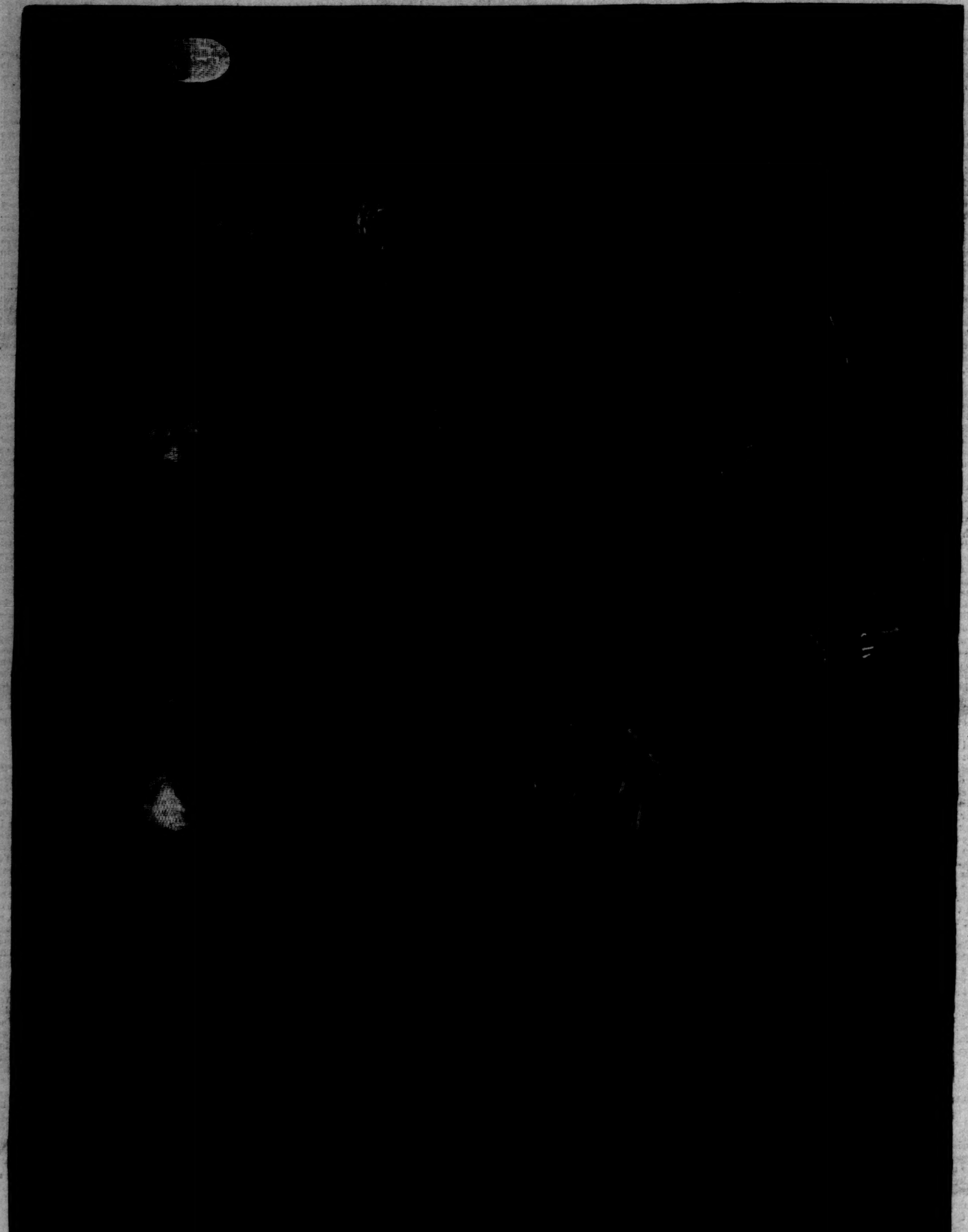
The others galloped behind him, shouting excitedly. Before the open door of the office they pulled up. No one had come out, no one had answered, and for a minute the men hesitated before dismounting.

"Doctor," Lohse said, in a low voice, and without looking up, "you go in first."

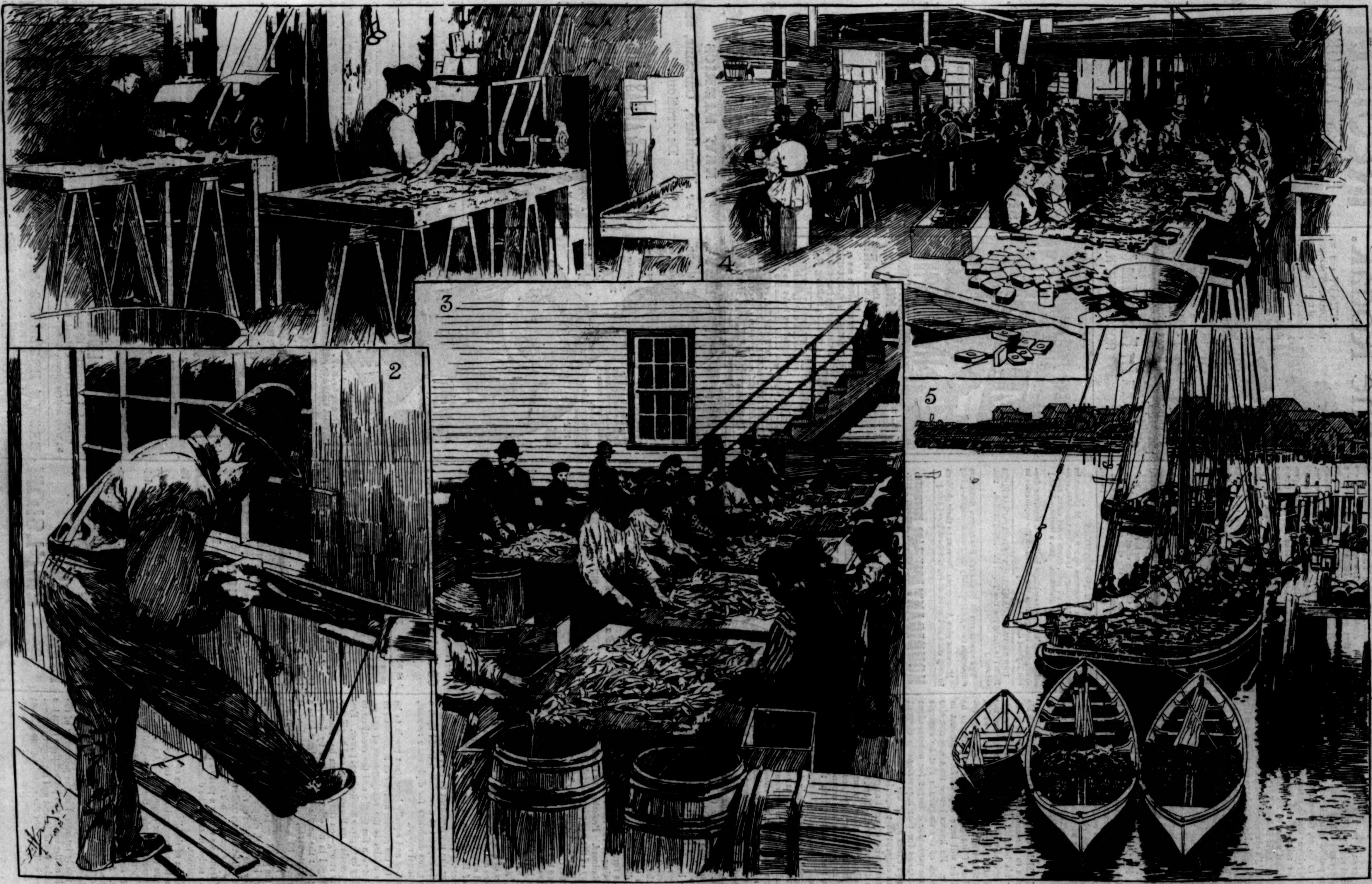
Ortiz got off his mule, removed his spurs leisurely, and threw them down on the brick veranda. Then he took off his hat and went in, while the indifferent *mozos* formed a semicircle around the other two and waited. Presently Ortiz returned, and stood in the doorway rolling a cigarette.

"There are two," he said, simply. "They will live."

THE END.



"CROUCHED ON THE FLOOR AT HIS FEET, MASIMA WAS HOLDING THE RIFLE SHE HAD JUST LOADED."—Drawn by Gilbert Gaul.—[See Story, "Why they Shut Down at the Higuerita," on Page 226.]



SARDINE AND MACKEREL FISHING.—From Photographs furnished by the United States Fish Commission.—[See Page 226.]

1. Cleaning Mackerel with Brush-wheel for Canning. 2. Tagging a Fish. 3. Cleaning Fish. 4. Packing Sardines in Cans. 5. A Mackerel Schooner and Boats.

THE DUTIES OF STOCKHOLDERS.

WHENEVER a man of the mental calibre and recognized ability of Mr. Jay Gould expresses his views, every one listens to him. Hence when he took the public into his confidence, or rather is assumed to do so, through the medium of a St. Louis interviewer one day this week, his diagnosis of the railroad and financial situations is eagerly seized upon by all who are interested in securities. As is frequently the case, one remark of Mr. Gould's overshadowed all the others. He said that stockholders ought to take a more active part in the management of the properties in which they are interested. Neither the assertion nor the expression is new, but that they came from Jay Gould surprised every one. To many people, and possibly to the majority, such an expression from an accredited monopolist, from a man who is accustomed to have his own way in every corporation in which he has a large interest, seems incongruous. It suggests the subtle sarcasm that is characteristic of the man. Yet the chances are that Mr. Gould was in earnest in exhorting stockholders to a performance of their duties. If Mr. Gould has the astuteness that is attributed to him, the remark is entirely in keeping with that quality. But the chances are that he did not make the remark with the view of arousing stockholders to the benefits that would accrue to them from an active interest in corporate management.

Mr. Gould does not want the stockholders in his companies to become active for their own good, but for his benefit. He knows that if he can show a legislative investigating committee or the framers of a piece of legislation hostile to his interest that there are thousands of others besides himself interested in the property to be affected he will have a powerful argument in his favor. He knows better than any one else that wealth of the magnitude that he controls makes the possessor a target for unscrupulous politicians, and for that impressionable element that always exists among the lower strata of society—an element that regards millionaires and corporations with especial aversion. In a word, Mr. Gould wants stockholders, the smaller holders of railroad securities, to interest themselves in their properties for his protection. He wants them to range themselves around him with their unostentatious holdings, that they may shield him.

Mr. Gould's view is entirely sound—for him; but it is natural to carry the reasoning farther. If the individualizing of a corporation is a benefit to a large stockholder, why should it not also be to the advantage of the smallest shareholder? There can be only one answer to this proposition. And no fine process of reasoning is required to demonstrate the soundness of the affirmative. The answer to the proposition resolves itself into another form—that God helps him who helps himself. That the stockholder, and the bondholder as well, in any corporation, can improve his relations to the property by giving a portion of his time to its management, at least to the extent of selecting suitable persons to whom the management may be intrusted, no one will dispute. A very apt illustration of this point was furnished a few days ago at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Illinois Central Railroad. Probably for the first time in the history of the company, certainly for the first time in the present generation, a few of the stockholders took an active part in the proceedings. Heretofore the management has run the election with the same absoluteness that characterizes the machine in politics, and the stockholders have followed as blindly as ward heelers obey their bosses. At the meeting referred to the representatives of less than one-fortieth of the capital stock were able to change the policy of the company, and stop the ruinous unloading upon it by certain of its officers of useless branch lines at fancy prices. This *coup d'état* was accomplished by forcing the management to cast a stockholder's vote in support of a resolution based upon a promise, given doubtless for diplomatic reasons, in the annual report.

The other and equally important result to be obtained by the greater activity of individuals in corporate affairs is the readjustment of the relations between the people and the creations to which they have given much-abused power. Frequent oppression on the one hand and hostility—now very strong—on the other can be remedied and changed in no other way than by demonstrating that the people own, or at least have a very large interest in, our railroad companies. It ought not to be a difficult matter to convince even the most blatant demagogue that the welfare of the people and of their transportation systems are identical, simply because the first own and enjoy the facilities of the last named. Great progress will have been made toward such a result when every owner of a stock certificate asserts the right of franchise that is a part of its value with the same seriousness that he discharges his political obligations.

Some idea of the distribution of the ownership of our railroad properties may be obtained from the figures of a few companies. An authoritative statement regarding the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Company is that the domestic holders of its securities number fully fifteen thousand persons. A recent examination of the stock transfer books of the Atchison company revealed about fourteen thousand shareholders. It is evident from these few statistics that there are enough people vitally interested in the prosperity of the railroads of the country to protect them from the machinations of dishonest and incompetent managers, as well as from the assaults of politicians and of the ignorant voter, if they will only appreciate and assert their rights. C. A.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, March 16, 1889.*

DISARMING AN UNSEEN FOE.

"This was sometime a paradox," as Hamlet says. Since, however, the people of America and other lands have been enabled to pit Hostetter's Stomach Bitters against that unseen foe, malaria, it is no longer a paradox, but an easy possibility. Wherever malaria evolves its misty venom to poison the air, and decaying unwholesome vegetation impregnates the water, there, in the very stronghold of miasma, is the auxiliary potent to disarm the foe and assure efficient protection. Fever and ague, bilious remittent, dumb ague, and ague cake, no matter how tenaciously they have fastened their clutch on the system, are first forced to relax their grasp and eventually to abandon it altogether. But it is its preventive force that should chiefly recommend the Bitters to persons dwelling in malaria-cursed localities, for it is a certain buckler of defence against which the enemy is powerless. Cures, likewise, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney and bilious ailments.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE allays irritation, removes dandruff, and invigorates the action of the capillaries in the highest degree.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Ad.*]

MOTHERS give ANGOSTURA BITTERS to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels.—[*Adv.*]

HOUBIGANT FIRST-CLASS PERFUMER. 19, Faub. St. Honoré, Paris.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has ***more than three times the strength*** of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, ***costing less than one cent a cup.*** It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

36 Years in Fulton St.
H. B. KIRK & CO.
CAN SUPPLY
For the Sick-Room,
For Grand Dinners,
For Family Use,
Reliable Wines and Liquors
THAT ARE WELL MATURED.
ALSO MEDIUM AGES.
Wines bottled by the Hungarian Government.
No other House can furnish "OLD CROW RYE."
69 Fulton St.; 9 Warren St.; Broadway and 27th St.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

MAGEE'S EMULSION

No other proprietary medicine has the endorsement of Physicians to the same extent.

None is used in Hospital practice with so large a percentage of satisfactory results.

No other remedy has cured so many cases of

CONSUMPTION
and other Pulmonary Diseases.
SCROFULA
is entirely eradicated from the system by its use.

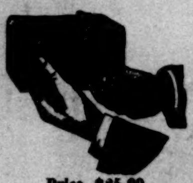
It is as easy to take as Maple Syrup or Honey, and can be retained by the most delicate stomachs without nausea.

IF YOU have a Cold, Cough, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, or a generally run-down system, you can regain health and strength quickly by the use of

MAGEE'S EMULSION

Ask your Druggist for it, and take only that labelled
J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

The Kodak.



Price, $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without reloading. No dark room or chemicals are necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be reloaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

The Eastman Dry Plate and Film Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

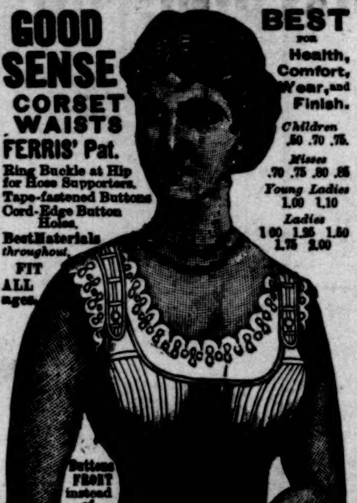
Scott's EMULSION OF Pure Cod-Liver Oil AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of *CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.*
ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.



GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS
FERRIS' Pat.
Ring Buckle at Hip for Hose Supporters.
Tape-fastened Buttons
Cord-Edge Button Holes.
Best Materials *throughout.*
FIT ALL ages.

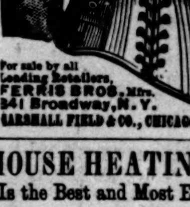
BEST FOR Health, Comfort, Wear, and Finish.
Children .50 .70 .75.
Misses .70 .75 .80 .85
Young Ladies 1.00 1.10
Ladies 1.00 1.25 1.50 1.75 2.00

Buttons FRONT instead of Clasps.

Mailed Free on *receipt of price.* Send for Circular.

For sale by all Leading Retailers,
FERRIS BROS., Mfrs. 341 Broadway, N. Y.
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO, Wholesale Western Agts.

HOUSE HEATING BY STEAM
Is the Best and Most Economical Method.

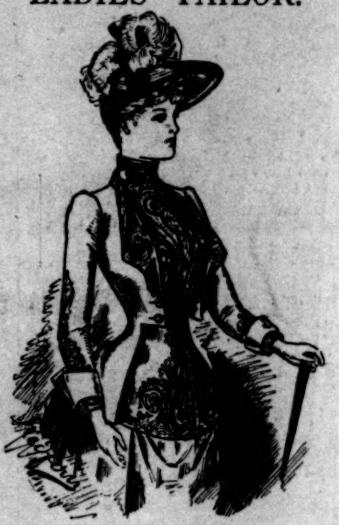


THE "GORTON" BOILER,
SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION, MADE OF BEST MATERIALS.
AUTOMATIC, SELF-FEEDING, ECONOMICAL IN USE OF FUEL.
Any servant girl can run it with ease.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, giving full description and prices.

GORTON & LIDGERWOOD CO.,
96 Liberty Street, N. Y.
Branches: 159 Friend Street, Boston, Mass.; 34 & 36 West Monroe Street, Chicago.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

Redfern
LADIES' TAILOR.



SPRING SEASON, 1889.

New Gowns and Coats.
New Hats and Bonnets.
New and Exclusive Cloths.

Ladies desirous of ordering, and unable to visit New York, can have sketches and samples forwarded free by mail—perfect fit guaranteed.

210 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Arnold Constable & Co

UPHOLSTERY.
NEW FABRICS
For Furniture, Curtains, and Decorations.

ARMURES & ARRAS BROCADES.
TAPESTRIES AND GOBELINS.
"Flemish" plain and figured Galorine.
SILK & COTTON PRINT STUFFS
For Wall and Interior Decoration.

Broadway & 19th st.

PARENTS wishing to give their daughters four months' practice in French, combined with a delightful European tour, to include a ten (10) weeks' stay in Paris, the finest routes of Switzerland, Alpine ascensions, etc. Address for particulars, before April 15th, "X. Y.," 42 Grove St., Augusta, Me. References, ex-Gov. Chamberlain (or wife), N. Y., Miss Burleigh, (daughter of Gov. Burleigh), Maine. Others upon application.

ESTERBROOK'S
DOUBLE LINE RULING PEN.

MAKES TWO LINES AT ONCE.

Send 10c. stamps for 4 pens; 25c. for 1 doz.
ESTERBROOK & CO., 26 John St., New York.

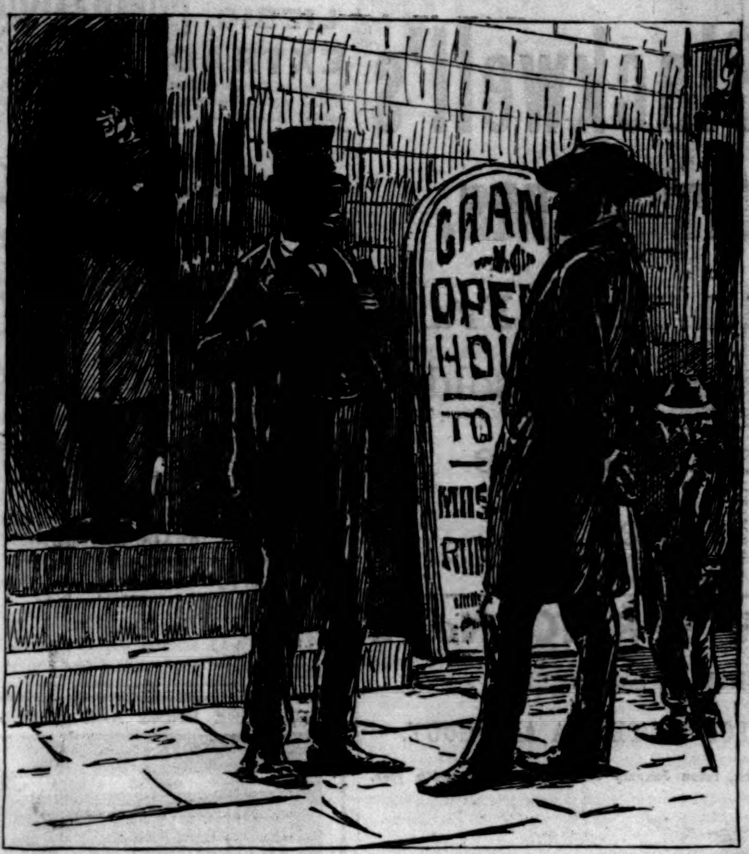
EVERY FAMILY possessing a musical instrument should have THE IDEAL BOOK LEAF HOLDER.
Simple, Elegant, and will last a life time. Self-adjusting, and fits any ordinary book. It holds the book open, and yet pages can be easily turned. The only *perfect* Leaf Holder made. Sent post-paid for 50c. *Mention this paper.*
AGENTS WANTED.
☞ *Quick Sales Large Profits.*
Send for Catalogue. LEAF HOLDER CO. Excelsior, Minn

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Prevents Dandruff and hair falling
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

BRAZILIAN ORCHIDS—Grower & Collector, C. Struve, at Rio de Janeiro. Orders for these Orchids will be received by the general agents, Valentine Brothers, Produce Exchange, New York, according to catalogue furnished by them on application.

ÆOLIAN HARPS

Improved construction. Fine instruments and charming effects. A beautiful addition to a home. Catalogue free. THE G. J. HOLBROOK CO., 88 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



PROFESSIONAL PRIDE.

CITIZEN (*to Uncle Rastus*). "What are you doing these days, Uncle Rastus?"

UNCLE RASTUS. "Teatricals, boss."

CITIZEN. "Theatricals?"

UNCLE RASTUS. "Yes, sah. I'm boss scene-shifter at de Union Teatre. Dat am a very 'portant posishun."

CITIZEN. "It is, indeed. How do they get along when you happen to be sick or away?"

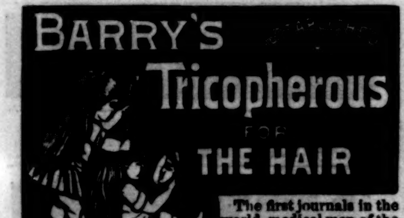
UNCLE RASTUS. "Dey manages to pull through all right, kase you see I'se got foah understudies."

TOOK ALL HIS PAINS AWAY.

A. M. Chisholm, of No. 2724 Stoddard Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"During my long residence in Canada I suffered for years from severe pains in my back, across the region of the kidneys, and by the constant use of ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS invariably obtained great relief. Upon removing to St. Louis I was again troubled with the same complaint, and was advised to use Magnetic and other kinds of plasters, without being relieved of pain, so fell back to my old friend ALLCOCK, who gives me more relief than any other I have ever tried. I always recommend them to my friends and all who suffer from pains and aches of any kind."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **Allcock's**, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



The first journals in the world, medical men of the highest eminence, prominent citizens of all professions, and ladies who have used it for years in their dressing-rooms and nurseries, admit with one accord that, for imparting vigor, gloss, luxuriance, and curl to the hair, eradicating scurf and dandruff, Barry's Tricopherous has no equal.
BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., N. Y. City.

HIGHAM
BAND
INSTRUMENTS

Conceded by the greatest artists to be unequaled on either Hemisphere. Factory founded 1842 at Manchester, England. Catalogue free. LYON & HEALY, Chicago, Sole Agts. for the U.S.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER Co., Holly, Mich.

PATENTS THOMAS P. SIMPSON, Washington, D.C. No atty's fee until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide.

Twenty-Ninth Annual Statement

OF THE

WASHINGTON

LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF

NEW YORK.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., President.

NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1887		$8,387,360.39
RECEIPTS during 1888:		
Premiums	$1,831,526.93	
Interest, Rents, etc.	451,477.86	2,283,004.79
		$10,670,365.18
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Paid Policy-Holders for Claims by Death, Endowments, Cash Dividends, Surrendered Policies, etc.	$1,219,584.35	
All other expenditures, including taxes	526,828.45	1,746,412.80
NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1888		$8,923,952.38
Add excess market value of stocks, with interest accrued and due and unpaid, also deferred and unpaid premiums		595,324.91
GROSS ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1888		$9,519,277.29
Deduct total liabilities		8,960,827.71
SURPLUS at 4% valuation		$558,449.58
Surplus by former N. Y. standard		$1,089,735.58
Policies issued in 1888, 4321 for		9,551,611
Policies in force Dec. 31, '88, 19,273 for		42,768,034

W. HAXTUN, Vice-President and Secretary.
E. S. FRENCH, Sup't of Agencies.
CYRUS MUNN, Assistant Secretary.
I. C. PIERSON, Actuary.
J. W. BRANNAN, M.D., Medical Examiner.
B. W. McCREADY, M.D., Consulting Physician.
FOSTER & THOMSON, 52 Wall St., N. Y., Attorneys.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

TO PURIFY AND BEAUTIFY THE SKIN

Cuticura Remedies

Are Simply Infallible.

MY DAUGHTER, MARY CECILIA BRUNOLD, was afflicted with the worst case of eczema ever seen by the doctors who treated her. She was literally covered from head to foot with scabs. These physicians tried their best to cure her, but I believe they were only experimenting. They kept on experimenting for over ten months, out, instead of getting better, the child got worse, and I did not know what course to pursue. My wife took her, after we had paid all we could afford for medical treatment, to a medical college where there were some twenty or thirty doctors assembled, but the case baffled them all. My wife had to go every day, and sometimes twice a day. In fact, the medicine they gave her did not have time to act, even if there was any virtue in it, it was changed so often by orders of the doctors. The latter part of January, after everything had failed, and patience and money were both exhausted, I made up my mind to quit all doctoring and try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I did so, and now I can say that my daughter is cured, sound in health, and well, to the surprise of hundreds.

The druggist, Mr. H. M. Krueger, corner Chauteau and Ewing Avenues, who sold us the CUTICURA REMEDIES, is as much astonished as any of us. The CUTICURA REMEDIES have worked a complete cure, and we have used but a little more than three fourths of a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and a proportionate amount of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP. I am ready at any time to make affidavit that my daughter had the worst case of eczema, as the doctors all admit, ever seen in this city, and that she has been cured solely by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, after the best physicians and remedies failed.

I shall be glad to have any one call upon or write me who has a child similarly afflicted, or any person who is troubled with a skin disease, that he may see for himself what your CUTICURA REMEDIES have done. I do this in gratitude for the cure that has been effected in my child's case.

CHAS. B. BRUNOLD, 2905 Gratiot Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Cuticura Remedies

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin, and curing every species of agonizing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the SKIN, SCALP, and BLOOD, and humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, crusts, ulcerations, swellings, abscesses, tumors, and loss of hair, whether simple or scrofulous, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are simply infallible.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most agonizing itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of every trace of disease, heals ulcers and sores, removes crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifiers, is indispensable in treating skin diseases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands, free from pimple, spot, or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible curatives for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold by druggists and chemists throughout the world. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents per box; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1.00 per bottle. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HANDS Soft, white, and free from chaps and redness, by using CUTICURA SOAP.

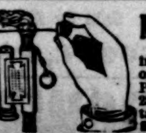
LOANS

On approved productive realty in the Golden Belt of the Middle West at one-third its value, make *The Safest, Most Profitable,* AND MOST DESIRABLE of all Securities for judicious investors. Write for particulars

THE HUSTED INVESTMENT CO.
JAMES D. HUSTED, *President.*
KANSAS CITY, Kansas.
Capital, $500,000. *Paid up* $350,000.

JEWETT'S REFRIGERATORS

THE PATENT
LABRADOR.
Send for Book of Information.
THE JOHN C. JEWETT MFG. CO., Buffalo, N. Y.



Nonpariel Cigar Lighter.
Every Smoker wants it. Lights in wind or rain; smaller than an ordinary match box. Nickel Plated; lasts a life-time. By mail 25 cents; five for $1.00. Stamps taken. Agents wanted.
STAYNER & CO., Providence, R. I.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

LYONS FANCY SILKS,

Representing the newest Paris ideas as adopted by the leading Dressmakers in the French Capital.

Second Importation this Spring of

INDIA, CHINA, & JAPAN SILKS.

Also, special weaves and makes of

LYONS BLACK SILKS,

Made expressly for Early Spring and Summer Dresses.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

WRITING PAPERS by the POUND. Nearly double the quantity than by the quire for same money. Send stamp for samples and price-list.

ENGRAVED VISITING PLATE and 50 CARDS, $1.00. Wedding Invitations.

WM. H. HOSKINS CO., 927 ARCH ST., PHILA., PA.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

For Sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents a Box.

CHERRY
BLOSSOM
PERFUME
TOILET
POWDER
& SOAP

In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant. On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

DECKER BROTHERS'
MATCHLESS
PIANOS
33 Union Square, N. Y.

QUOD AB OMNIBUS
Apollinaris
QUOD UBIQUE

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

THE POPULAR GAME
HALMA
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
BY MAIL $1.00
E. I. HORSMAN
80 & 82 WILLIAM ST. N.Y.

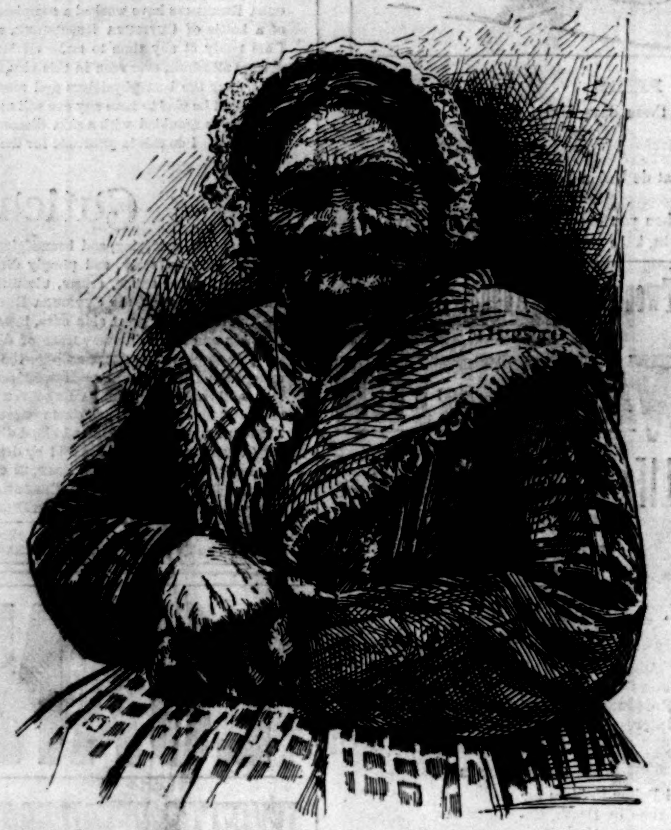
$3 Printing Press. Prints all your cards & labels. Circular press, $8. Size for small newspaper, $44. Rotary Jobber, 9x13, $100. Full printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, presses, type, cards, etc., to factory,
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

TOP ROYAL
A MARVEL OF EXCELLENCE
FOR SALE BY ALL
MENS FURNISHERS
MADE ONLY BY
CORLISS BROS & CO TROY NY
New York Salesroom: 79 Franklin St.
Chicago Salesroom: 247 and 249 Monroe St.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. C. F. Gunther, 212 State St., Chicago.

Crosse & Blackwell's
FRESH FRUIT JAMS,
Made from English Fresh Fruits and Refined Sugar, are sold by most Grocers in the United States.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRING No. 2
(Or the "Dolly Shelton Spring")
NATURE'S GREAT SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA AND GOUT.
Photograph of Dolly Shelton, an old colored woman, taken January 10th, 1889, in her 96th year.



At eighty years of age, bedridden from Dyspepsia and Gout, she was marvellously restored by this Water.

Her case stated by Dr. James Shelton, residing near the Buffalo Springs:

"Dolly Shelton, formerly a family servant, resides a mile from BUFFALO SPRINGS. When about eighty years of age she was bedridden, a sufferer from ATONIC DYSPEPSIA and RHEUMATIC GOUT. I advised remedies in the case as palliatives merely, not regarding her recovery as among possibilities. While she was in this condition a Spring was discovered at Buffalo, now known as Spring No. 2. Without suggestion she at once commenced the use of it, and in a few months (I saw her only at long intervals, not feeling that I could be of service to her) I found to my great astonishment that it was proving highly beneficial. There was marked improvement of the DIGESTION and also of the GOUTY SYMPTOMS. Under continued use of the water there was continued improvement, until she was able to substitute a diet of *meat* and *vegetables* for bread and milk, boiled rice, corn meal, mush, etc., and there was also entire disappearance of the GOUTY AFFECTION. At the same time there was a gradual increase of flesh and nervous vigor, until she could walk without unusual fatigue several miles at a time over the surrounding hills. SHE IS NOW LIVING, AND CERTAINLY NOT UNDER NINETY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE. She claims to be A HUNDRED, would weigh, I suppose, TWO HUNDRED, is in good general health, and walks without difficulty about her house, yard, and garden, having had no return of DYSPEPSIA or GOUT.

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MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELERS.

THE PRESS AND THE STAGE:

BEING A REPLY TO DION BOUCICAULT AND OTHER CENSORS OF THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER IN ITS RELATION TO DRAMATIC ART.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.

IN a letter addressed to me on January 1, 1889, Mr. Dion Boucicault—to mention whom is to name the most conspicuous dramatic author now living—made the following statement of his belief and opinion:

> "The position I assume is that the newspaper press has practically displaced the public in the exercise of judgment and the formation of the stage; that in accepting this office it has incurred its responsibilities, that this service of opinions to the public has paralyzed the freedom and strength of public judgment; that actors seek to occupy high places by force of press advertisement; that the journalist, as a rule, is incompetent as a specialist in dramatic affairs, and encourages a trivial kind of drama and buffoonery; that the few journalists conspicuous by their capacity are too few to make head against this influence, and protest vainly, while the torrent of ribaldry and charlatanism sweeps into bathos, and imposture sits on the dramatic throne. And of this state of things no great drama, no great actor, can possibly come, and none has come—not one. Burlesque and society melodrama monopolize the stage. So since 1860 not a single work of any enduring life has been added to dramatic literature: the age is barren. These are a few of the results I attribute largely to the agency of the press."

This arraignment of the press, which has been repeated by Mr. Boucicault in print, is not a new expression of antipathy toward the character and influence of newspapers in their relation to the stage. This brilliant writer and actor long ago made known his disapprobation of the press, and there are many who sympathize with his views, and who habitually denounce "the critics." Mr. Boucicault is a man of proved ability, great experience, and world-wide reputation, and—as is natural—he has many followers. His statement of belief and opinion accordingly may be heard as one of the current voices of censure, and may be accepted and considered as a representative utterance of discontent with a social power.

II.

In 1841 a new comedy called *London Assurance* was produced in London, at Covent Garden, then managed by Madame Vestris. It was a comedy of the epigrammatic school. It preserved in a modern dress the tradition of Wycherley and Farquhar and Vanbrugh. Its persons were not perhaps of a lovable kind, but they were mostly sparkling persons, and the play was richly charged with animal spirits, frolic audacity, pungent satire, and sensuous life. The author of it, a young man who had acted under the name of Leigh Morton, was a beginner in dramatic authorship and in acting, and was then only on the threshold of his career. The play with which he thus launched himself upon the river of fame had a bounteous acceptance, was brilliantly successful—no authoritative voice in the press assailing it except that of George Henry Lewes—and it has kept its place upon the stage from that day to this. Within the next two theatrical seasons this same young author (like Farquhar, a gay, careless, and brilliant Irishman; like Vanbrugh, a trained architect and civil engineer; and like Wycherley, a writer of sparkling epigram, a rover in the fields of French theatrical literature, and a consummate interpreter of artificial manners and sentimental intrigue) had produced the bright and tender comedy of *Old Heads and Young Hearts* and the more dashing and dazzling comedy of *The Irish Heiress*. In 1845 this writer had already taken a place among men not only of auspicious promise but of solid performance. In that year he perceived that the public taste in theatrical matters, recoiling from a protracted strain of tragedy, had undergone a change. Macready, the regnant spirit of that epoch in dramatic affairs, had tried his great ventures, had retired from management in the English capital, and had made his first visit to America. The field was clear, and it seemed not unlikely that the popular craving might be satisfied by melodrama: yet melodrama of the earlier type—such as *The Miller and His Men* and *The Foundling of the Forest*, artificial in theme, wooden in character, and vapid in dialogue—could not any longer be deemed vital or be trusted to attract. This young author, quick to discern his opportunity and skilful to improve it, thereupon shaped the old melodramatic form entirely anew, introduced into it the comedy elements of human interest, truthful characterization, and brilliant dialogue, gave to it domestic sincerity and sweetness, without discarding its romantic color, and produced, in rapid succession and with ever-increasing success, *The Willow Copse*, *The Corsican Brothers*, *Faust and Margaret*, and *The Vampire*. These pieces, partly paraphrased, but partly original, and wholly original in their English form and treatment, gave new evidence of exceptional ability, and firmly established their writer's reputation. From that time onward, through a period of more than thirty years, his professional prosperity knew "no retiring ebb." Play after play followed from his pen, and fortune after fortune was poured into his lap. Strong in the consciousness of natural power and in the wealth that soon began to accrue from its exercise, he presently struck a shattering blow at the pecuniary tyranny that had long been maintained by dramatic managers over dramatic authors. From 1861 to 1866 he steadily "advanced that war," till at last the victory perched upon his banners and it became a recognized and settled principle that "the play's the thing," and that the author of the play must be paid, and well paid, for his artistic creation. For *The Willow Copse* (and nobody who ever saw Mr. Charles W. Couldock as Luke Fielding can hear the name of that play without a thrill) its author had received only £100, while for his version of *The Corsican Brothers* he had received only £60. Buckstone had received only £100 for *Green Bushes*, and Douglas Jerrold had received only £100 for *Black-eyed Susan*. The revolutionary author to whom I refer, after he had made his gallant fight for the practical interest of dramatic authorship, received £6500 for one play (*The Flying Scud*) and £5200 for another play (*After Dark*). I need not trace his line further. I speak of an author who has held the attention of the public for nearly fifty years, whose name is a household word equally in Melbourne, London, New York, and San Francisco. I speak of the author of *The Colleen Bawn*, *The Octoroon*, *The Long Strike*, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, *Kerry*, *Daddy O'Dowd*, *Belle Lamar*, and *The Shaughraun*. I speak of a brilliant actor and a consummate master of the art of dramatic writing, who for nearly half a century has received from the public in every part of the English-speaking world every possible practical tribute, and from the press which he now arraigns the most ample privilege and the widest, the kindest, the most liberal—I had almost said the most pusillanimous—consideration. I speak of a man who has had the opportunity (having conquered it by his talent and deserved it by his mental equipment) to use the stage exactly as he pleased, and upon whom more than upon any other single dramatic writer of our time rests the responsibility for its defective condition, whatever that defective condition may be. Can any one seriously believe that a public which has paid to this dramatic author fully $2,000,000 for his writing and his acting is wholly devoid of a practical appreciation of excellence? Can any one seriously believe that a press which, while not always unanimous in his praise, has celebrated every one of his achievements and recognized every particle of his merit—not only pouring forth its own incense with lavish prodigality, but freely opening its columns to his own epistolary elucidations of himself, which would fill a volume—is, in fact, the foe of genius and the despoiler of art? "Give me," cried Dion Boucicault on one occasion not far remote—"give me what every man yearns for more than fortune—the conviction that he has done some little good in his time." Has Mr. Boucicault done no good in his time? Has his time recognized no good in his career? Over and over again the public has honored Mr. Boucicault. Over and over again the press has declared that those Irish plays of his are the most superb things of their kind that have ever been written. Was that an error and a falsehood? Is the public verdict of admiration for Mr. Boucicault's art a mere echo of the insincere or stupid opinion of a mendacious or ignorant press? Can Mr. Boucicault, remembering his record and his experience, maintain that the stage is degraded and the public judgment fettered and paralyzed only because a few incompetent reviewers of the theatre sometimes write trivial articles about it? Have the trivial articles ever debarred him from one atom of the success that he deserved? Never once. The late Lester Wallack told me that the most prosperous play ever produced in his theatre after its removal to Thirteenth Street in 1860 was *The Shaughraun;* and besides its remunerative career in America, that piece was acted for 119 nights at the Adelphi, in London, in the season of 1875–6. Mr. Boucicault no doubt remembers that just before *The Shaughraun* was produced he proclaimed to me that a conspiracy of hostile critics had been formed against him to ruin it. But the public judgment about Mr. Boucicault's excellent play was not paralyzed. One practical critic, indeed, a pious Hibernian, at Louisville, Kentucky, where they speak of a play as if it were a vaccination, and question whether it will "take," indicated his censure of the amiable Conn by dropping a bad egg upon Mr. Boucicault in the wake scene, which probably he deemed sacrilegious; but that was the full extent of the disapproval. And surely one bad egg, however well directed, and even though it fall as the portentous sequel to a conspiracy of dramatic critics, ought not to make a man misanthropical for life in his views of the American press.

> "'Tis but the fate of place,
> And the rough brake that virtue must go through."

III.

The public, it is alleged, takes its critical opinions from the press, and is mentally impaired, or fettered, or otherwise injured by that impartment. Now the illogical character of this assumption ought to be apparent, and I think is apparent, from the obvious fact that to a considerable extent the public *is* the press; and surely it cannot be said to paralyze itself. The newspapers would not exist if the people did not like them and want them, and the people would not like them and want them if their own minds were not reflected in them. The public not only receives impressions, it also imparts them. All persons like to read what is written in the vein of their own conviction and preference, and they are usually intolerant of everything else. No one but a philosopher finds pleasure in reading the opinions of his adversary. "She cannot abide to be contradicted," says Cuddie Headrigg, in the immortal novel of *Old Mortality*, "and I think nobody likes it if he could help himself." It is not upon exceptional cases, but upon general conditions, that the reflex institutions of society—of which the press is one—are established and are made to prosper. The late Dr. Brandreth, who for a long time conferred a searching influence upon this community through the happy medium of pills, was once heard to state, while gazing at the incessant procession of pedestrians in Broadway, the cardinal principle of his opulent and beneficent career, "Nine out of every ten of those people" (such were the golden words of the sapient doctor) "are fools, and my pills are not made for the tenth man." It is not meant that virtuous wisdom ought to prey, or does prey, on helpless folly; it is only stated that sagacious enterprise flourishes by meeting expectation. A newspaper, like a theatre, must mainly owe its continuance in life to the fact that it pleases many persons; and in order to please many persons it will—unconsciously perhaps—respond to their several tastes, reflect their various qualities, and reproduce their views. In a certain sense it is evolved out of the community that absorbs it, and therefore, partaking of the character of the community, while it may retain many merits and virtues, it will display itself as in some respects ignorant, trivial, narrow, and vulgar. The elder James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New York *Herald*, once said, "I wish my paper never to be more than a half a day in advance of public opinion on any subject whatever." I believe it never was. There is no use of making music for deaf-mutes; you will get neither a hearing nor a response. If every speaker has his audience, so every audience has its speaker, and that is why there are so many newspapers. We should all read one paper, and one only, if we were all of one mind, and if that one paper reflected it. As matters stand, society creates many journals, colors them, and is colored by them, and so perpetuates the attrition of its life. It is a reciprocal process. But with due qualification the press is not the cause of the mental condition of the public, but rather is one of its effects; and when you will condemn the press you do not go to the root of the disease unless you make a clear analysis and a lucid statement of what you will condemn it for. To arraign the newspapers for crippling the public judgment of the stage, when in fact the majority of them merely echo that judgment, is firing in the air. Besides, if we talk of judgment—of an intellectual process applied to matters of art—we talk of a faculty that is not possessed to any considerable extent by either the public or the press, never has been possessed by them, and probably never will be. Why should the prattle of a theatrical audience, which is absolutely vapid and quite innocuous when it is let loose in the lobby, be considered a potent mischief and a bane to the very people that uttered it, merely because it gets into print? Those who vacantly glance over it in their favorite newspaper the next morning have not in the mean time risen in the scale of intellectual being, and become any wiser than they were when they uttered it the night before. Have you ever observed the talk of the average theatrical audience when the play is ended and the crowd is leaving the house? Have you ever meditated upon its inanity and its ignorance? I recall a fragment of conversation that I once heard as I was leaving the theatre after a performance of Hamlet by Edwin Booth. The interlocutors were a grave elderly gentleman and a richly dressed and fashionable young lady. "I once saw Mr. Macready in this piece," said the former. "Did you?" she answered; "what part did *he* play?"

Enlighten and elevate the coarse and silly public if you wish to reform the coarse and silly newspaper. You cannot in fact produce the slightest effect upon either of them, but at least you will be rational in your censure, and you will "free your mind" in the right direction.

IV.

You are told by logical implication that there was a time when the intelligent public exercised its prerogative of judgment upon the stage—a time when yet the incompetent press had not deprived that public of this great boon and privilege of theatrical criticism. This is a fine flight of fancy, but it is nothing more. In one form or another the press has dwelt sporadically and intermittently upon this earth for more than twenty-five hundred years—ever since, in fact, the *Acta Diurna* was published in Rome, 691 years B.C.* I have not made a close personal examination of those records, but if I were to do so I should confidently expect to find that Marcus Horatius Flaccus Cacoëthes Scribendi took an early opportunity of apprising the Roman public that "the want has long been felt of an able, independent, high-toned, fearless journal, which should advocate the best interests of the stage and conscientiously labor for the elevation of the drama, the decline of which has long been observed with so much anxiety and painful regret." That the press could at any period have existed without this holy purpose is inconceivable—a condition contrary, not only to all we have read of historic fact, but to all we know of human nature. Newspapers the world over, whatever else they may have neglected, have never neglected to toil for the redemption of the stage. History, perhaps, affords no finer or more touching example of unselfish zeal and long-suffering devotion than may be contemplated in the traditional and chronic solicitude of the journalist for the actor. To tell us that the press was ever regardless of the theatre, or that it ever refrained from admonishing, or directing, or "elevating" that institution, is simply to presume upon our innocent credulity. The misguiding preceptor who would tell us that would tell us anything, and we ought not to wonder at his temerity when he goes still further and assures us that the public has ever been enslaved by the newspapers as to its critical rights and faculties. No doctrine could have a more sapient sound or less sense. The question is one of fact, and it must, I think, be determined by individual observation and experience. As a matter of fact the public in considering the stage does not take its critical opinions from the press or from anything else. The success of an actor with the majority of spectators, and perhaps with all spectators, does not depend upon reason, but upon feeling. It is not the intellectual attribute of the stage that attracts toward it so many even of intellectual persons; it is the sensuous element that attracts them. They are weary of the realm of thought; they long for the realm of emotion, for actual, tangible, breathing life. If an actor is able to impress his hearers agreeably, if he can diffuse a personal charm, he will succeed, and this result he will accomplish even though in a technical sense his acting may be defective. All the newspaper censure in the world cannot invalidate the power of genius, the fascination of beauty, or the alluring grace of a sympathetic temperament, while, on the other hand, all the newspaper applause in the world, although it may impart to the actor a certain temporary vogue and notoriety, cannot establish his reign in the public favor. *That* he must capture for himself, not so much by the merit of what he *does* as by the virtue of what he *is*, if he obtain it at all. Recognition is like love; and of this it has been well and truly said—by the almost forgotten poet Alexander Smith:

> "Love gives itself—and, if not given,
> No genius, beauty, worth, or wit,
> No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
> Is rich enough to purchase it."

For while the power of thinking—the faculty of judgment, the clear, comprehensive, minute, intellectual vision—is very rare, the instinct that apprehends a benefaction through the feelings is almost universal. "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell." So it goes with that repellent physician, and we turn away from his presence and seek him no more. But of another it is written (by the poet Emerson):

> "Surely he carries a talisman
> Under his tongue!
> Broad are his shoulders and strong,
> And his eye is scornful,
> Beautiful, and young."

Or, in the words of Shakespeare:

> "He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
> And sundry blessings hang about his head,
> That speak him full of grace."

V.

I feel and understand (because I have struggled against it) the dejection that creeps upon the mind when the evening shadows begin to gather, when the winds of twilight whisper in the fading leaves, when the embers are dying on the hearth-stone and the night is coming down. How touchingly that great poet Tennyson has said it, in his noble testamentary sequel to "Locksley Hall":

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* "The Romans not only had plenty of books, but they had *a manuscript daily newspaper*, the *Acta Diurna*, which seems to have been a record of the proceedings of the Senate. We do not know how it was written nor how it was published, but it was frequently mentioned by contemporary writers as the regular official medium for transmitting intelligence. It was sent to subscribers in distant cities, and was sometimes read to an assembled army. Cicero mentions the *Acta* as a sheet in which he expected to find the city news and gossip about marriages and divorces."—*The Invention of Printing*, by Theodore L. De Vinne, p. 44.

> "Poor old voice of eighty, crying after voices that have fled!
> All I loved are vanished voices, all my steps are on the dead;
> All the world is ghost to me, and as the phantom disappears,
> Forward far, and far from here, is all the hope of eighty years."

But no man should mistake his individual dejection for the failure of human progress. For him, indeed, little by little the lights are put out and the world grows dark. No doubt you remember those pathetic words with which Sir Walter Scott, when he came home to die in his beloved valley of the Tweed, greeted the gentle scenery of that sylvan retreat:

> "The quiet lake, the balmy air,
> The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
> Are these the same that once they were,
> Or is the dreary change in me?"

The sun was shining gloriously upon the turrets of Abbotsford when I stood beneath them only a little while ago, and the ripple of the Tweed that sounded in his dying ears was as sweet and gay and careless as ever. The world goes on for others although it may cease for us; and we may be very sure that it is a better world for them than any vanished world of ours which now begins to seem so lovely because it is lost and gone. Whenever we listen to the voice of the Past, and hear again the old refreshing assurance that the Present is a failure, we ought, I think, to reflect that every Past was once a Present, and that each succeeding Present has resounded with the same wail of lamentation for the glories of departed days: and thus we shall perceive that the golden time exists just as much now as it ever did—and just as little.

Mr. Boucicault justifies the inference that he thinks the stage is in a deplorable state, and that the press—by depriving the public of its right and power of theatrical criticism—has placed it there. But if there was a time when the public still possessed and exercised that right and power, there must also have been a time when the press dealt with the stage in an altogether wiser and more reticent manner than it employs now. It is not surprising that persons who are not acquainted with the history of the stage in America should fall into errors of this fantastic kind; but it does seem remarkable that a veteran observer—one who combines in himself all the offices of author, actor, theatrical manager, journalist, and dramatic critic—should choose to adopt them; and it would be inexplicable but for what we know of the illusory tendency of reminiscent age. For, as a simple matter of fact, the stage is a much more powerful and prosperous institution to-day than ever it was before, at any period in the history of this country, while the treatment which it receives from the press—allowing equally for folly in the mass of popular newspapers and for whatever incompetence may exist in the select journals of the higher class—is, upon the whole, abler and more practical, helpful, and thorough than any that was ever accorded to it in "the palmy days."

VI.

The stage in America has existed about one hundred and fifty years. One of the causes which especially promoted its growth on this continent was the sudden and brilliant ascendency obtained in London by David Garrick. That marvellous actor first arose prominently upon the scene in 1741, being then in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and in the following year he appeared with great renown at Drury Lane, of which theatre he became in 1747 the manager. His success was so prodigious that it soon overwhelmed the fortunes of every other theatrical notability of the time; and this force it was that dispersed the more ambitious players during a considerable period, driving them into the North, to York and Edinburgh, into Ireland, and even across the Atlantic into America. That admirable scholar Judge C. P. Daly, in a valuable paper that he read before the New York Historical Society many years ago noted the existence of a building which was called "the Playhouse" in this city as early as 1733; but the earliest theatrical proceedings of which he could find any record were those of certain actors who came here from Philadelphia in 1750, two years before the historic advent of Hallam in that famous performance of *The Merchant of Venice*, September 5, 1752, at Williamsburg, Virginia, which has commonly been regarded as marking the formal advent of the acted drama in the Western World. The pioneer, however, should be deemed the founder, and the pioneer in this case was the Irish comedian John Moody, who came over from England to Jamaica in 1745, established a theatre there, and conducted it with prosperity for four years. Once on the adjacent islands it soon reached the main-land, and long before the close of the eighteenth century it had become a recognized American institution. The student readily perceives, however, a sharp and signal contrast between its condition then and its circumstances now. In those days a narrow margin of land along the Atlantic seaboard was thinly settled with European colonists, some of them immigrants, others the descendants, born upon the soil, of immigrants who had come over at an earlier time. At its northern extremity this margin of land terminated in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, which then included much of the territory now comprised in the State of Maine. At its southern extremity so much of it as existed under British jurisdiction ended in the two Carolinas and Georgia. A Spanish settlement flourished in Florida and a French settlement in Louisiana. The breadth of the actually inhabited country was not at any point more than three hundred miles. In Canada the cities of Quebec and Montreal had been founded, and French settlements existed along the St. Lawrence River. The rest of the American continent was a wilderness. The English population of the Atlantic seaboard colonies was about one million persons. The principal towns were New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Baltimore, Annapolis, Williamsburg, and Charleston, and into each of these towns the theatre gradually made its way. The players from Jamaica (a manager named David Douglas having succeeded John Moody there in 1749) came across in 1758, and gave performances in Philadelphia, Newport, Perth Amboy, Charleston, and Albany. During the war of Independence there was no theatre in America, the cessation of theatrical exhibitions having been enjoined by the Continental Congress, nor were dramatic performances given here, except by parties of English military in the garrison towns. After the war had ended the actors came back. The West Indian company had continued to act in Jamaica, and capital players, such as Wignell, Henry, and Lewis Hallam the younger, had joined it, and this troop now returned to New York as "the old American company," thus during a number of years keeping the current of theatrical activity in continuous flow. Down to 1792, although the stream ran with some bickering, no serious jar occurred in the harmony of its music. New York was the centre, and there was but one important theatre within its limits. In 1792 Wignell broke away, and in 1794, at Philadelphia, he opened the Chestnut Street Theatre—long the most splendid playhouse in America, and the scene of many brilliant and memorable exploits. The Park was its rival in New York, and presently it had another rival in the Boston Theatre, at Boston; but that was all. When the present century came in it found two or three companies of actors oscillating by means of a stage-coach between two or three sparsely populated, incommodious, and radically provincial towns. As the century proceeded the hand of adventurous industry began to uproot the wilderness and to sow new cities on the plain, bearing westward the banner of the republic, beneath which marched "the wrinkled front" of war and the civilizing arts of peace. As material prosperity was increased, the stage, though slowly, advanced to a better and better estate. Actors of authentic power, such as William Twaits, Francis Blissett, Mary Duff, Henry J. Finn, George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, Junius Brutus Booth, and Edwin Forrest, appeared and prospered. Strolling companies sailed down the Ohio and the Mississippi upon flat-boats, shooting birds and beasts upon the banks for food as they glided along the forest-fringed waterways of the continent. Gilfert, Hamblin, and Wallack appeared in the East, Sol Smith in the West, Caldwell in the South. Confronted with obstacles, impeded by hardship, oppressed by bigotry, but stanch and resolute through all manner of obloquy and distress, the dramatic art—which advances with human development because it is a part of human nature—moved steadily on in its upward course. In due time came the steam-boat, the railway, and the telegraph. New States were admitted to the Union, and a vast population, thronging from the Old World and teeming in the New, swarmed over the prairies, burst through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, and poured itself down their golden slopes to the Pacific coast. In one stanza of his noble poem commemorative of Daniel Webster, and contrastive of the youth with the age of that illustrious American, the poet Holmes has epitomized this vision of superb national growth:

> "His land was but a barren strip,
> Black with the strife that made it free:
> He lived to see its banners dip
> Their fringes in the Western sea."

If Wignell, or Henry, or Powell, or Dunlap, or any other dramatic chieftain of "the palmy days" could revisit the glimpses of the moon, what would his astonished ghost behold? There are at present in the United States and Canada 3410 theatrical towns—places, that is, in which theatrical performances are habitually given. Distributed through these towns there are 5212 theatres, not every one an especially equipped theatre, but every one adapted for theatrical business and customarily used for it. The number of actors in this country is 2527; the number of managers is 365; the number of stars and combinations that were last year on their professional travels through this land is 249; the number of persons directly and indirectly employed in the industry of the stage is not less than 50,000; and it is safe to say that the persons who continually derive pleasure in various forms, and sometimes intellectual benefit, from the theatre may be numbered as millions.

VII.

How has the press treated this extensive and important and ever-growing institution, artistic and industrial, and how should the press treat it? Manifestly it is idle to declare, when a social institution is constantly growing better and not worse, that it suffers under the ill treatment of the press. For what signifies the attitude of the press when no harm ensues from it? The belief, indeed, may be urged that better plays would be written and better performances would be given if the newspapers would devote more attention to the stage, and would make that attention of a more thorough and capable kind. But Art originates and expands, not from outward instillation, but from inward impulse. An increase of attention to the stage and a change from vulgar frivolity to scholar-like gravity in the manner of treating it, would in many papers create a public discontent and lead to the alienation of readers and of business. Furthermore, even the intellectual and advanced press is under no obligation to give instruction in either the art of writing plays or the art of acting them. You do not go to a newspaper for tuition in the languages and mathematics; you go to a school. The province of the press is, first, to make a complete and truthful record of the news of the day, keeping always within the limits of decency and discretion; and secondly, to comment on that news in a rational, able, and vivacious manner, and in that vein of reflection, whatever it may be, which it is believed will most conduce to the public good. With reference to the stage, its moral aspect, its intellectual quality, its spiritual drift, and its artistic and industrial prosperity are the proper objects of attention. Beyond this point the ministrations of the press are superfluous and may become injurious. Vanity is a principal agent in human affairs. Sheridan was undoubtedly right when he said that it ought to be numbered among the passions. Certainly it does not need encouragement. No doctrine could be more ignorant in its oversight of inspiration or more detractive in its ignoble influence upon human character than the doctrine that consideration for the praise of critics should be valued and trusted as a main-spring of excellence in any form of art. It is only an insatiable greed of being in the public eye that would demand from the respectable press of America a greater prominence than the stage already occupies in its columns. That press has served the stage, and is constantly serving it, with ardent sympathy, with copious generosity, with thoughtful devotion, and—I need not say that I have other men in mind, and not myself, when I add—with entirely competent scholarship and talent. An actor must take himself very seriously indeed, and must cherish a most extraordinary and overweening estimate of the importance of his avocation, who at this late day and in the face of all the benefits that the stage receives from the press can come forward with the dissatisfied inquiry of **Laertes**, "Must there no more be done?" What more would you have? Not Disraeli or Gladstone, with the weight of the British Empire upon his shoulders, not Daniel Webster, saving his country for ten years from the scourge of civil war, ever occupied even half the space in the newspaper press that has been allotted these many years to Edwin Booth or Henry Irving, or ever engrossed half the enthusiasm of affection, the conscientious thought, the tender sensibility, or the intellectual effort that have been lavished upon those admirable actors. But with many members of the stage it is an infirmity to overrate their profession—to regard it as an end, and not as a means, in human civilization. I have lived all my life with actors, and no man of my time, I venture to think, has shown himself more their friend: yet I am often amused at this histrionic weakness. The actor's idea of the stage is indicated not inaptly by a story told of old Peter Richings, who used to impersonate General Washington in a drama that ended with the apotheosis of that patriot, Peter as the hero being represented in a blaze of scenic glory, with Hail Columbia, played by Miss Caroline Richings, standing beside him. There came a night when two mischievous low comedians, wishful to guy the scene, crept into this picture just before the flats were drawn off to disclose it. But the vigilant eye of the Father of his Country promptly discovered them. "Get out of this," cried Peter, from his eminence in the empyrean; "this is heaven; nobody is allowed here but Caroline and me."

Have you ever considered the spectacle that is presented by the press of this country whenever the approach of a new actor is announced? If I may lightly employ the sublime Miltonic figure, "far off his coming shines." First there is a rumor that he has been engaged. Then a regretful doubt is cast upon the rumor. Then the expeditious cable flashes over a scornful repudiation of the doubt, coupled with the cordial assurance that the engagement is really made. Then comes the sketch of his illustrious life, wherein are set forth all the glowing details of his great successes beyond the sea. A little later the opinions of the foreign press begin to mingle with the stream of local news. A few anecdotes, sentimental or humorous, illustrative of his fascinating character come next and do not come amiss. Presently our diligent journals apprise us that he has eaten his farewell dinner and uttered with deep emotion his farewell speech, and that his bark is now actually upon the sea. The list of his theatrical company, the catalogue of his scenery, and the names of his plays and characters are next in order, and are duly supplied. The interval of the voyage is devoted to recapitulation and to a sympathetic portrayal of the views of his manager as to the expediency of raising the prices, and of the lively excitement with which the ticket-sellers await his approach. No sooner does his ship cast anchor in our bay than a tug-boat streaming with banners and filled with newspaper reporters arrives at Quarantine to "meet him and receive him," while not improbably a committee from the Lotos Club or the Lambs awaits him on the steam-ship pier to ask him to dinner. For several ensuing days the newspapers teem with what are called interviews—frightful compounds of platitude and triviality, through which their writers loom forth as prodigies of impertinent curiosity and vulgar insolence, while the honored stranger is indeed fortunate if, with all the laborious courtesy of his patient and wary replies, he escapes emblazonment as a preposterous ass. At length, sustained and cheered by the acclamation of a great multitude, he steps upon the scene and plays his part, and the next day every considerable newspaper in the land gives a column to his exploit. From that time onward his advance through the continent is a triumphal progress. The luxurious Pullman car wheels him from city to city. The stateliest mansions throw wide their doors for his reception. The brightest spirits of the club, the studio, and the boudoir throng around him with every proffer of hospitality that kindness can suggest or liberal prodigality provide. Statesmen are his companions. Fair ladies crown him with laurel. Poets embalm his great name in the amber of their verse. The boys buy his picture and "make up" on his model. The girls cannot live without his autograph. Nothing is left undone that by any possibility of chance can make him happy; and as he thus speeds onward in the glittering track of the occidental star the vigilant newspaper—the sleepless eye, the tireless hand, the ceaseless voice—faithful to the last, whether he buys a cravat, or plants a tree, or restores a monument, or endows a college, or loses a pocket-handkerchief, still follows his renowned footsteps and still keeps amply full the daily chronicle of his illustrious deeds.

These services might be done with better taste but in themselves they are harmless. "Where virtue is, these are more virtuous." They mark the prodigious benefit of publicity which the journalist confers upon the actor. But the benefaction of the press to the stage does not pause at publicity. In England they have had the newspaper continuously for 226 years. In America we have had it continuously since 1704. In 1860 the number of individual newspapers published in the United States had exceeded 40,000, and the annual issue of them amounted to 928,000,000 copies. At present the number is much larger, for within the period of one generation our population has increased from 31,000,000 to more than 60,000,000 of inhabitants, and each of our principal industries has been augmented in a corresponding degree. Almost every newspaper that is published gives some attention, more or less friendly and intelligent, to the subject of the stage. In London—the *two* theatres that monopolized theatrical industry in the time of Garrick having given place to the *forty* theatres that promote it in the time of Irving—there are sixty important newspapers that "make a feature" of theatrical news and criticism. In nine large cities of this republic—New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, St. Louis, and San Francisco—there are 116 important newspapers (by which is meant newspapers of probity, dignity, conscientious principle, and sensitive and responsible wealth) that devote a special department to the stage. The work of the American magazine in this direction has not been fully tabulated; but since 1840 more than one hundred articles, of standard literary authority and value, upon actors and the theatre have appeared in those publications, while in the list of authors who have written about the stage, and written in a way to strengthen and advance it, stand the eminent names of Henry N. Hudson, Gulian C. Verplanck, Henry W. Bellows, Richard Grant White, Henry Giles, Edwin P. Whipple, Thomas R. Gould, Charles T. Congdon, Howard Furness, and George William Curtis. And upon this roll of honor I should not hesitate to write, as competent expositors and salutary helpers of dramatic art, these other names, which are of past and present workers for the newspaper press of America: William Leggett, James Oakes, Charles C. B. Seymour, Fitz-James O'Brien, William Henry Hurlburt, Edward G. P. Wilkins, J. R. Towse, Stephen Fiske, George W. Hows, John D. Stockton, Clarke Davis, Henry Sedley, H. E. Krehbiel, Henry Watterson, Theodore Hagen, A. W. Thaxter, Charles Fairbanks, W. W. Clapp, John A. Harrington, Edmund Remack, Henry Neill, Shelton Mackenzie, Benjamin E. Woolff, Henry A. Clapp, Elwyn A. Barron, T. C. De Leon, Edward Fuller, George Edgar Montgomery, F. A. Schwab, and George P. Goodale.

VIII.

You are told that no "great" actor has appeared and that no "great" play has been written since 1850, and that this melancholy sterility is likewise due to the blighting influence of the newspaper press. The term "great" is a relative term, and one that is not always used with discretion. Greatness, in any period and under any circumstances, has always been rare. It is of elemental birth, and is independent alike of its time and its circumstances. Theorists who assure you, as the historian Froude has assured you, that Shakespeare was the result of his time, talk phantasy. He was the consequence of heredity—if you like, of Adam and Eve—but not of the social conditions antecedent to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The active existence of a circle of dramatic critics could neither have repressed his development nor caused it; nor would such a circle affect such a mind now, if such a mind were born. Neither is it environment that causes the production of great plays; it is inspiration, working upon a special faculty congenital in the author; and even this cannot be implicitly trusted. Not more than twenty out of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays are great plays, or have survived as of any practical use to the stage at present; and out of more than six thousand plays that were published in England down to the close of the last century only about fifty are ever acted or ever should be acted now. Your great play is almost as exceptional as your great genius. Let us be content with *good* actors and *good* plays. I might remind my despondent friend Mr. Boucicault that since 1850—at which time several of them were unborn or were children, while the others were only on the threshold of professional life—he has seen the rise of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Henry Irving, Edward A. Sothern, Edwin Adams, John McCullough, J. L. Toole, Lawrence Barrett, H. J. Montague, Genevieve Ward, Kate Bateman, Madge R. Kendal, Marie Seebach, Helena Modjeska, Richard Mansfield, Mrs. John Wood, Laura Keene, Fanny Janauschek, Agnes Robertson, Ellen Terry, Adelaide Neilson, Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, Ada Rehan, and Lily Langtry; and I might declare, what certainly I think, that some of these names will be written in dramatic history with those that are noblest and brightest in the scroll of histrionic greatness. I might also affirm my belief that there are plays by Westland Marston, T. W. Robertson, Herman Merivale, James Albery, Tom Taylor, W. S. Gilbert, W. G. Wills, George H. Boker, Bronson Howard, Augustin Daly, Steele Mackaye, and Dion Boucicault (all of which belong to this bereft period of the last forty years), which are as well entitled to be esteemed "great plays" as any that survive from the historic hands of Fenton, Hughes, Farquhar, Colman, Holcroft, Goldsmith, or Sheridan Knowles—excellent writers, no doubt, but writers to whose dramatic productions it was never in their own time deemed necessary to refer "with bated breath and whispering humbleness." But it is enough to indicate the *good* actors and the *good* plays that have arisen during this period, and to declare the simple truth, which cannot successfully be controverted, that every one of them has had the sympathy, the admiration, and the prospering favor of all reputable newspapers throughout America. The press critics may not have written as Coleridge and as Lamb used to write. But they have written quite well enough for the majority of their readers; and it would be exceedingly difficult to specify any single instance in which a greater fulness of success could have been achieved as a consequence of any different style or measure of critical treatment. I cannot immediately remember all the good plays of our time that every respectable journal in this land has welcomed with praise and honor, but I will mention a few of them: *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, *Caste*, *Our Boys*, *Pique*, *The Two Orphans*, *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, *The Henrietta*, *The Man of Airlie*, *Divorce*, *False Shame*, *Forget-Me-Not*, *The Two Roses*, *The Favorite of Fortune*, *Jessie Brown*, *Dan'l Druce*, *Charles the First*, *All For Her*, *Through the Dark*, *The White Pilgrim*, and *Clancarty*.

IX.

Judges who believe, with Mr. Boucicault, that the press misguides and injures the public by its treatment of the stage must logically accept one of two alternatives. Either they think that dramatic criticism should cease altogether, or they think that it should be abler and more abundant. The former expedient is visionary—for, as remarked by Mrs. Candour, "people will talk"; and the talk of people, whether in print or in private, seems to be an essential factor in carrying on the affairs of life. Some time ago, indeed, I read of a man, resident in the western part of New York, who had not spoken a single word for nine years, and who wrote upon a slate, when he was asked the reason of his silence, "I shall wait till I think of something good enough to say." His example no doubt was wholesome, but to this ideal of more than Spartan fortitude the human race in America is at present unequal. The talk will flow on, and the stage, like everything else, will be discussed; and at least its business will be prospered by the discussion. But with reference to the second alternative—better dramatic critics and more of them (which seems to be Mr. Boucicault's doctrine)—while there is no objection to the aspiration as a war-cry, one would like to know some convincing reason for that sanguine belief in the efficacy of dramatic criticism. What does any observer suppose that it *might* accomplish, more than it *has* accomplished, or more than it *does* accomplish?

It is my desire neither to exaggerate nor to depreciate the influence of dramatic criticism, but I have never been able quite to understand the superlative practical value of it, as proclaimed by many persons. To my mind the newspaper article on the stage never settles anything. If well written it may interest the reader's thoughts, excite his curiosity, increase or rectify his knowledge, and possibly suggest to him a beneficial line of reflection or study. That is all. Newspaper commendation may accelerate the success of a play already recognized as good, and newspaper ridicule may hasten the obsequies of a play already so bad that its failure is inevitable. But criticism establishes no man's rank, fixes no man's opinion, dissuades no man from the bent of his humor. The actor whom it praises may nevertheless pass away and no place be found for him. The actor whom it "slates" does not expire, neither does he repair to the woods. Far more likely he goes to Boston and writes a Reply. In the early days of *The Black Crook*, when it had become known to me, from the police, that one form of vice had been much increased, through the influence of that spectacle, in the neighborhood of Niblo's Theatre, I thought it was my duty (as the dramatic reviewer for the *New York Tribune*) to denounce that exhibition; and I did denounce it "in good set terms." The consequence was an immediate and enormous increase in the public attendance, and my friend Henry D. Palmer, one of the managers of the *Crook*, addressed to me these grateful and expressive words: "Go on, my boy; this is exactly what we want." Since then I have been reticent with fulminations in the presumed interest of public morality. At the present moment two amiable and handsome young people are disporting at a neighboring theatre as Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra. A more futile performance, in every possible point of view, probably was never given; and I believe the critical tribunals of the town have mostly stated this truth—in some cases with considerable virulence. Yet this performance draws crowded houses, and, no doubt, it will continue to draw them, here and all over the country. Many other elements enter into this subject aside from the question of dramatic art. The critic of the stage should do his duty, but he will be wise not to magnify his office, and he certainly becomes comical when he vaunts himself as to the practical results of his ministration. I know that he exists in the midst of tribulations. He must pass almost every night of his life in a hot theatre, breathing the bad air and commingling with a miscellaneous multitude ennobled by the sacred muniment of liberty but largely unaccustomed to the use of soap. He must frequently and resignedly contemplate red and green and yellow nightmares of scene that would cause the patient omnibus-horse to lie down in his tracks and expire. He must often and calmly listen to the voice of the national catarrh, in comparison with which the aquatic fog-horn or the ear-piercing fife is a soothing sound of peace. He must blandly respond to the patent-leather smile of the effusive theatrical agent, who hopes that he is very well but inwardly wishes him in Tophet. He must clasp the clammy hand and hear the baleful question of the jibbering "first-night" lunatic, who exists for the sole purpose of inquiring "What do you think of this?" He must preserve the coolness and composure of a marble statue, when every nerve in his system is tingling with the anxious sense of responsibility, haste, and doubt; and he must perform the delicate and difficult duty of critical comment upon the personality of the most sensitive people in the world under a pressure of adverse conditions such as would paralyze any intellect not specially trained to the task. And when he has done his work, and done it to the best of his ability and conscience, he must be able placidly to reflect that his motives are impugned, that his integrity is flouted, that his character is traduced, and that his name is bemired by every filthy scribbler in the blackguard section of the press and of the stage, with as little compunction as though he were the "common cry of curs." These trials, however, need not turn his brain. He should not suppose, as he often does, that an attentive universe waits trembling on his nod. He should not flatter himself with the delusion that he can make or unmake the reputation of other men. It often happens that his articles are not read at all; and when they are read it is quite as likely that they will incite antipathy as it is that they will win assent. He should not imagine that he is Apollo standing by a tripod, or Brutus sending his son to the block. He is, in reality, firing a pop-gun. He is writing a newspaper article about a theatrical performance, but both the performance and the article will be forgotten on the day after to-morrow. He should not forget that an actor whom he dislikes may nevertheless be a good actor, and that an actor whom he admires may nevertheless be a bad one. Human judgment is finite, and it ought always to be charitable; and the stage, which is the mirror of human life, affords ample room for an honest difference of opinion. There is no reason in the world, furthermore, why the dramatic critic, merely because he happens to hold that office, should straightway imbibe a hideous hatred of all other unfortunate beings who chance to labor in the same field. He would be much better employed in writing those wise and true and beautiful dramatic criticisms which he thinks ought to be written than he is when uttering querulous and bitter and nasty complaint and invective because they are not, as he considers, written by his contemporaries in his own line. Let him improve his own opportunity and leave others to their devices. All the good that he can really accomplish is done when he sets the passing aspects of the stage instructively, agreeably, and suggestively before the public mind, and keeps them there. He is not required to manage the theatres or to regulate the people who are trying to earn a living by means of the stage. "To be useful to as many as possible," says the wise thinker Walter Savage Landor, "is the especial duty of the critic, and his utility can only be attained by rectitude and precision." The newspaper article accomplishes all that should be expected of it when it arouses and pleases and benefits the reader, clarifying his views, and helping him to look with a sympathetic and serene vision upon the pleasures and pains, the joys and sorrows, the ennobling splendors and the solemn admonitions of the realm of art.

X.

As I glance thus at the duties and infirmities of the average dramatic critic I seem to hear the pensive voice of my vigilant Hibernian adversary murmuring to me, in the words of Sir Anthony Absolute, "You are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question." But the structural weakness in Mr. Boucicault's indictment against the press is that he confounds the lower press with the higher; holds the latter responsible for the defects and iniquities of the former; and arraigns the whole press for a fault that largely affects only a part of it, and really is original in his own self-elected client, the miscellaneous public. The commonplace, vapid, ribald, vulgar newspapers which properly offend Mr. Boucicault, by their incompetent and boorish treatment of art, would not exist if there were not commonplace, vapid, ribald, and vulgar people, in great numbers, to read them and support them. To introduce learning, taste, and thought into the theatrical notices published by those newspapers would only be to astonish or puzzle or disgust their readers. Learning, taste, and thought are not objects of desire with the riff-raff population that wants to hear of Kyrle Bellew's lunatic lover, or Lillian Russell's tights, or Sadie Martinot's dresses. It does not signify what such people think about art, or what such papers say about it—if they say anything. They are out of the question. It is with the higher press and the higher press alone that we should concern ourselves in this inquiry; and I think that censors like Mr. Boucicault are either unacquainted with the work of the higher press in the service of the stage, or that they undervalue it. They might, indeed, urge, with some show of truth, that the higher press has not yet entirely freed itself from the belittling influence of the coarse and ignorant multitude. Whenever a good newspaper disappoints or offends the finer intelligence and sensibility of the community you will find that the reason of it is resident in some form of subserviency to popular caprice. The conscientious enthusiast and the blatant demagogue are alike in this—that they both magnify the mob. There is scarcely a newspaper in the United States that is absolutely free from a practical remembrance of the doctrine of Mr. Jefferson Brick: "We air a great people, sir, and we must be cracked up." Flattery of the people is a cardinal principle of the time. Instead of being told of their faults and admonished to surmount their obstructive vulgarity and inordinate conceit, they are constantly assured that the world never before saw such wonderful and lovely beings—that the crow sings as sweetly as the nightingale, and—by practical surrender to their folly—that a coarse and low curiosity is as well entitled to be gratified as an honorable instinct or a noble aspiration. "A man's a man for a' that." He is—and often a most offensive man. The American press, like almost everything else in the Republic, suffers under an excess of Democracy. It is possible to have too much of a good thing. The nauseating frivolity of many of the publications that are made about the stage arises from the indirect operation of this power. Mr. Boucicault's dissatisfaction is natural, but his censure should be clearly defined, and it should descend upon the real offender. He is right, furthermore, in deploring that the task of writing dramatic criticism should so often be intrusted to extremely young and incapable persons. Youth commonly assumes omniscience, and in youth we mistake our exuberant delight in our own sensations for the thrill that should be caused by the actor: we supply the feeling, and we imagine that the actor has imparted it. I do not, however, believe in age merely as age. It is the youthful spirit in age that makes it potent, and if that spirit be only preserved (as it is in the evergreen alacrity of Mr. Boucicault), time imparts to it a blessing that nothing else can give. Gœthe's words, as usual, cover the whole ground: "At last, after great preparation, he disclosed to me that true experience is just precisely when one experiences what an experienced man must experience in experiencing his experience."

XI.

There are a few petty and futile charges against the press, made by Mr. Boucicault and re-echoed by his adherents, upon which it seems essential to bestow a passing comment. Those charges declare that the press is unjust to the stage, because it publishes articles about the play on the morning after the play is produced; that the critics disagree in opinion upon the play, and thus indicate that there is no standard of judgment; that the publishers of newspapers fetter the writers for them, and prevent the expression of the truth; and, in general, that the press is influenced by bribery. These allegations are either speciously misleading or distinctly and absolutely untrue.

The evening papers and the weekly papers constitute an important section of the press. The evening papers do not print their articles about a play until the afternoon of the day succeeding an evening performance; the weekly papers are usually five or six days later. With reference to the morning newspapers it should be observed that the custom of going to press at an early hour has only recently been adopted by them and is not invariably enforced. In former times an interval of three hours usually occurred between the fall of the final curtain at the theatre and the moment when no more copy could be taken by the newspaper. Much may be done in three hours; and even the hurried words of a writer who is competent to discuss a given subject at all are often preferable to the studied phrases of a writer who requires days of incubation before he can say anything. Furthermore it seldom happens that any dramatic performance is given which involves considerations of such colossal magnitude that they cannot be disposed of in three hours of practised labor. Any expert in this avocation (and surely no one but an expert should be trusted in it) can write a satisfactory column, in any newspaper, within one hour and a half. It is hard work, but it can be done, and the imperative requirements of morning journalism often exact the doing of it. When Mr. Boucicault's play of *Arrah-na-Pogue* was first produced in New York (at Niblo's Theatre, in August, 1865), the article about it that appeared in the *New York Times* the next morning, written by Charles C. B. Seymour, was written in my presence, after the fall of the last curtain. It nearly filled one column. It was written in exactly forty minutes—and it could not have been better (for it was an excellent article) if its author had worked on it for forty days. The competence of service depends upon the man who undertakes to render it. Mr. Boucicault has often favored the public with an expression of his contempt for newspaper writers. This is sad, but even this can be endured; and it seems just possible that upon this subject Mr. Boucicault is not the most competent of judges. Such English writers as George Augustus Sala, Wm. Beatty-Kingston, Clement Scott, Joseph Hatton, Joseph Knight, Charles Dunphie, Percy Fitzgerald, William Archer, Austin Brereton, and Moy Thomas, or such American writers as Henry E. Krehbiel, Edwin Dithmar, A. C. Wheeler, John Cockerill, A. F. Bowers, William Laffan, Henry A. Clapp, Benjamin E. Woolff, Clarke Davis, Isaac H. Bromley, Stephen Fiske, and Henry Watterson would probably amaze Mr. Boucicault if he were ever to become acquainted with the feats of composition which they are obliged to perform, and do perform, night after night, in the service of the press. The vanity of actors may not be satisfied, but, fortunately, the better sense of the community is not controlled by the vanity of actors. Our journals are for our readers—most of whom do not visit the theatre at all—and our readers are contented when they receive an entertaining account of the theatre, providing always that they receive it promptly. It should be added that the custom of the morning papers all over America is to publish not only an immediate article about the new play or the new actor, but a second, a third, or a fourth article, at succeeding intervals of time. No man in any other profession or pursuit in the world gets the same amount of attention from the press that the actor gets. It is comic to find him complaining that he gets it too promptly.

The statement that there is no standard of judgment because critics sometimes disagree in opinion about the merits of a play (for it must be observed that they do not always disagree) has a fine sound but no meaning. Disagreement is not confined to critics. There is a dissentient voice always and everywhere, because each human being exists at a separate altitude in moral, spiritual, and intellectual development. Ruskin and Lowell are contemporary with O'Donovan Rossa. Tastes differ, and there must always be conflict of thought as to ideals and as to their expression. But the standard is not affected. The truth remains—and statements derive their force, not from being made but from being true. The dissonance of opinion is mostly temperamental, and usually it is ephemeral. Things live that ought to live. "Nature is above art in that." The greatest names and the noblest works of which the world has any knowledge were all decried in their day by somebody. Greene sneered at Shakespeare and talked of "bombast" and "a Shake-scene"—which is paltry twaddle now. John Locke ranked Blackmore above Milton, and Edmund Waller thought the "Paradise Lost" a tedious composition—yet somehow the world reads Milton and does not read either Blackmore or Waller. There is an old tract in the Lambeth Palace Library in London that sneers at "the moral Gower" as "baggage"; but Gower is reverenced, among scholars, as the father of English poetry. Christopher North, writing in 1816, said of Edmund Kean, "He rants abominably and is no actor at all"; and Sir Walter Scott, referring to the same great man, described him as "a copper-laced, twopenny tearmouth, rendered mad by conceit and success"; and this was at the very time when William Hazlitt could say of him that "to see Edmund Kean at his best is one of the consolations of the human mind." Wilson and Scott were giants of intellect, yet the renown of the great actor has only grown brighter in the lapse of time, and his name endures to our day without one stain upon its artistic glory. Critics may differ in feeling and in taste, but they finally concur as to the essential fact; and when they do agree, as remarked by Mr. Puff, in the farce, their unanimity is wonderful.

With reference to the charge of dishonesty on the part of the press, those who make that charge should take care to prove it. This they never do. Mr. Boucicault himself, for example, has been giving forth dark intimations any time within the last ten or twelve years as to his dexterity in having captured "a conspicuous critic" on the New York press with a "bait" which—to use his own elegant expression—"had a hook in it." But this mysterious censor deals almost always in vague generality and innuendo. The "conspicuous critic" is never named. Perhaps his name is "Mrs. Harris." Against Mr. Boucicault's weapon of shameful insinuation, however, I place Mr. Boucicault's own words—written in one of those rare moments when he has chosen to be explicit. On Saturday, March 8, 1873, at the Clarendon Hotel, New York, Mr. Boucicault wrote and signed the following statement, which was duly published: "*I never paid a farthing for a favor from the press, and I never will, and in candor I am bound to say that if I offered it I am sure it would be regarded as a gross insult.*" Did Mr. Boucicault subsequently depart from the virtuous resolution expressed by him in those heroic lines? Has he, since then, tempted human frailty and suffered a shock to his sweet and noble ideal of human nature? It cannot be! These views of his, after all, must be merely tentative and hypothetical. For, as lately as April 9, 1879, I find him declaring, in the *Chicago Tribune*, a very different opinion of mankind in general and of the press-ridden and paralyzed theatrical audience in particular. These are his golden sentences, and with these I leave him:

"I never met with any community where vice was not detested and virtue beloved and cheered; where misfortune did not draw tears and sympathy; and where all that was good and kind and gentle in human nature was not readily and eagerly hailed with delight, and where everything that was bad was not received with execration. And that is not from any religious motive, but simply because—as I honestly and sincerely believe—human nature, at the bottom, is good, gentle, and sympathetic, and is not what we are taught to believe—sinful and bad, and requiring the assistance of the Church."

"The stage has elicited one singular proof, however, of the moral condition of human nature—*the theatre is the only place where bodies of people go with minds unprejudiced.* They have not the prejudices with which a worshipper goes to church; they have not the bias that a citizen goes to a political meeting with. *The spectator in a theatre is free-minded, without inclination one way or the other*, and when he pays his money at the door it is so much security that he is prepared, indeed, to open his heart and his mind freely to any emotions that we may inflict upon him."

Is it only within the last ten years that "service of opinions to the public has paralyzed the freedom and strength of public judgment."

XII.

It seems to me, finally, that the actor should not read contemporaneous dramatic criticism—least of all, that which relates to himself. If favorable, there is the danger that it may weaken his character by ministering to his vanity, already sufficiently inflamed by his life of constant appeal to the admiration of the public. If unfavorable, there is the certainty that it will restrict his freedom, and thus impair his usefulness by wounding his sensibility if not actually grieving his heart, and thus depressing his spirits and paralyzing his energy. Whether favorable or unfavorable, it can do him little if any mental or spiritual good, seeing that the chance of his learning anything from it, or receiving from it any ennobling impulse or refreshment, anything to cheer or strengthen him or